

# THE American Girl

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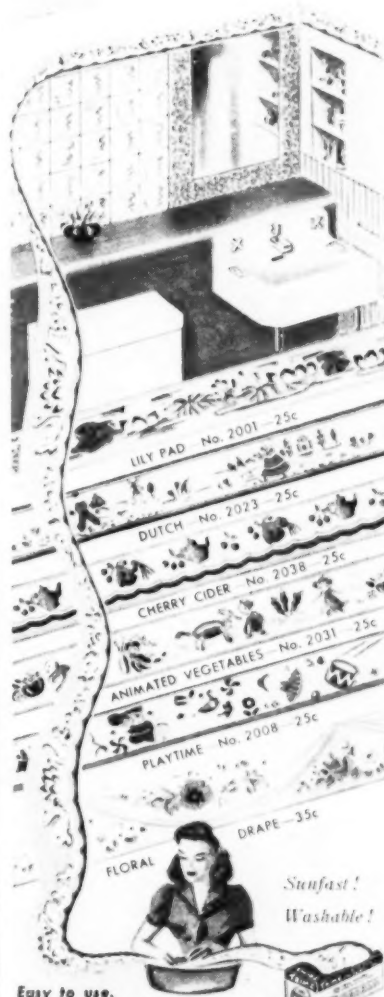
VOLUME XXIX

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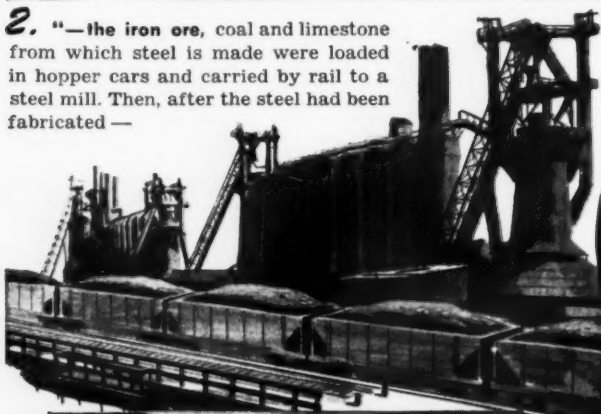
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As she galloped along, Linda found herself enjoying Pup's company.

# Mascot for Tony

by MARJORIE VETTER

## PART ONE

**T**HE black-and-white dog was obviously trying to make friends with the black-haired girl in the long chair. He came bounding across the patio to sniff in an inquiring, friendly fashion at the rubber soles of her white shoes. He wriggled up close to her chair and put his paw on her knee. She ignored him.

He unearthed his ball from a flower bed and laid it in her lap. Then he backed off and sat down, watching her expectantly, while his tail thumped on the polished tiles. As her indifference continued, he began to lose some of his exuberance, but his depression was momentary, for he immediately rushed away to chase a butterfly, leaving a wide swath of bent and broken blossoms behind him. The but-

terly was elusive, and the dog dashed back to plant both dirty paws in the girl's spotless green lap. She gave in. Brushing the specks of red earth from her slacks, she got up.

"You win, you ridiculous pup," she said laughing. "It would take a better man than I to resist you."

She bent to scratch behind the Dalmatian's soft ears. Joy rippled over him under his smooth, short-haired coat, and his tail waved back and forth like a triumphant baton. The girl picked up her green linen hat, under which her changeable hazel eyes took on the clear green of the shallow waters around the Cuban sand bars.

"Well, come along," she invited. "You've been cooped up here for three days, and I suppose you're just about dying for a run."

The black-and-white dog's joy deepened to ecstasy. Now with his forepaws bent flat on the ground, haunches reared in the air, now leaping up and bounding ahead a step or two, he capered around the girl with short, happy barks.

"Calm down, sir!" admonished the girl. "Take it easy there!"

They continued their boisterous way through the dim, shuttered living room and out into the bright Cuban sunshine. Among the shiny green leaves of the huge mango trees which towered above the low white house, the pear-shaped yellow fruit hung flushed and ripe. The girl, turning off toward the shade of the orange grove, picked up a green mango from the ground and threw it for the dog to retrieve.

"I don't even know your name," she told him, as he dropped the mango at her feet and waited expectantly for her to throw it again. "Pup will have to do, at least for the time being. How about it, boy?"

He indicated his approval of her friendly overtures by jumping higher in a vain effort to lick her face.

"Down, Pup!" she commanded briskly. "Heel, sir!"

He came to heel, quivering all over in his eagerness.

"Good boy," she complimented. "You can't be much over a year old, but you've been well trained."

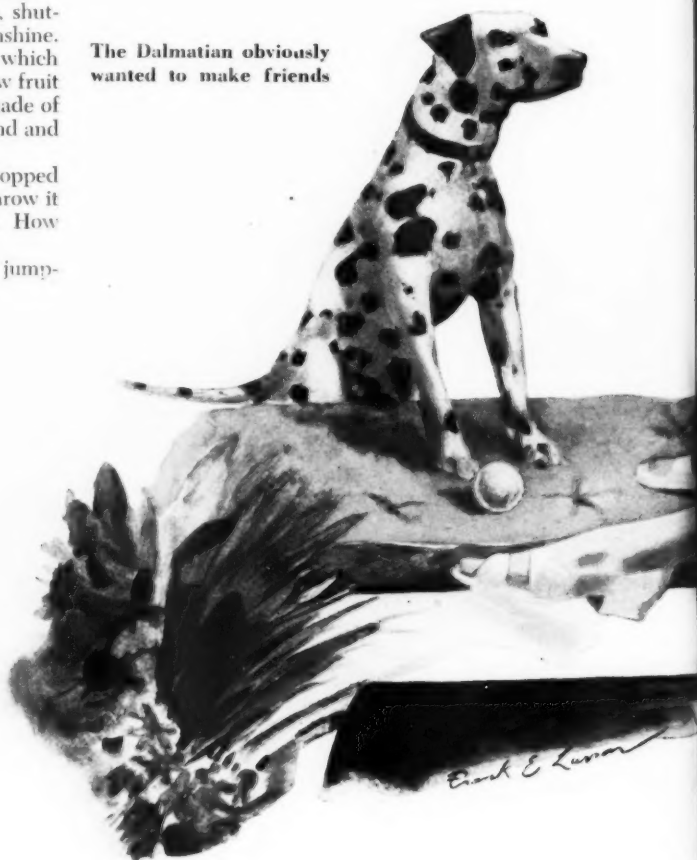
When sudden illness had forced the elderly Martins, neighbors of the Bennetts', to make a hurried trip back to the States, they had been grateful for Mrs. Bennett's offer to keep their dog. Linda Bennett, however, had announced flatly that she would have nothing to do with the animal. She was through getting attached to pets only to have them die, or to be obliged to give them back to their rightful owners. She didn't care much for dogs anyway, and she certainly did not intend to strike up a temporary friendship with the Martins' pet. And here, she thought ruefully, was the outcome of her resolution.

She had been home from her school in the States only a few days. Vacation, which she had dreaded because of her quarrel with Antonio de Cardenas, had been proving as dull as she had feared. She had been bored and lonesome, but now, in spite of herself, the dog's friendly gaiety was raising her spirits.

All the de Cardenas were quick-tempered, proud, and stubborn, and Tony was no exception. Linda, in spite of her happy-go-lucky American father, was almost as bad. The two, so nearly of an age, had been inseparable always, but there had been many bitter battles. Linda, not quite two, had asserted her right to a fiercely disputed red cart by biting her playmate till the blood came, and the enraged little girl had to be removed forcibly by a shocked nurse. Ten year old Tony, chivalry engulfed in the surging sea of his anger, had banged the maddening Linda over the head with his tennis racquet. Now that they were practically grown-up—Linda was sixteen and Tony a year

**The moment she uncovered the secret, Linda knew it meant terrible danger for Tony de Cardenas. Was there anything she could do?**

**The Dalmatian obviously wanted to make friends**



older—relatives and friends never knew whether the two would be bound closer than brothers in the bonds of some new interest, or frigidly polite, ignoring each other except for icy, sarcastic jibes. Each, however, would rush to the defense of the other whenever an outsider offered the slightest criticism.

But this had been their worst quarrel. This was for keeps, Linda thought, and sighed—for the summer would not be much fun without Tony with whom to ride, to swim, to play tennis, and to quarrel. It had happened when they were home for the Easter vacation. They had ridden over Blanquezar Mountain and, as usual, they had stopped their horses to enjoy the view. Tony, sitting sideways in his saddle in order to look back over the way they had come to the deep indigo of the Gulf of Mexico,



Linda  
ny de  
d do?



Illustrated By FRANK LARSON

Terror" in the early thirties. Its members were pledged to the downfall of Machado, whom they regarded as a ruthless dictator. Before the decree which had closed the University of Havana, a number of student members had been imprisoned, and several had been shot.

and ahead to the pale blue of the distant Atlantic, had grown suddenly expansive. Turning in his saddle, he had faced Linda. "Swear you won't tell a soul, Lin, if I let you in on a secret," he had demanded.

Linda, laughing, had crossed her heart.

"A bunch of us out here in the country have organized a chapter of the A. B. C.," he had confided eagerly.

Horried, Linda had started up so suddenly that her startled horse had danced nervously. "Tony, how could you?" she had exclaimed. "You're too young to get mixed up with anything so dangerous!"

The A. B. C., a secret political organization, flourished throughout Cuba during the period known as "The Reign of

Linda, although in complete agreement with the movement, had been genuinely distressed that Tony should have become involved in such a hazardous association. She was also, she admitted later, jealous of this risky and exciting new interest in which she had no share. She had stormed and raged—and even threatened, in a thoroughly unsporting fashion, to tell his parents.

Tony had maintained that if everyone sat back and dared nothing because of the danger, they would continue to have their rights and liberties taken away one by one, while the dictator and his followers waxed richer and more powerful. And although he, Tony, was the youngest in this chapter, he was a whole year older than Enrique Solis, who had given his life for

(Continued on page 36)

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Mexico,

"This should cheer up the whole continent of Europe," said Mr. Bristle, blinking.



# Bobo and Internashnul Friendship

by **EDITH BALLINGER PRICE**

Illustrated by **SYLVIA HAGGANDER**

Bobo comes to realize the true meaning of another of Mr. Bristle's remarks—the one about friendship being a language that doesn't need a dictionary

JANE BURKE, that driving spirit of Red Rose Troop, jabbed her needle rather savagely into the small piece of pretty chintz she was seaming, and swept a challenging look around the more or less busy circle of her comrades. Each girl was at some stage of constructing a little bag from a pile of bright scraps of material, but from Jane's expression it was plain to be seen that she considered the work lagging in certain quarters.

"Bobo Witherspoon!" Jane cried, in a voice worthy of a four-star general. "Do you realize that Girl Scout Week is literally just around the corner—and look at your Friendship Bag?"

Bobo, youngest and most ardent member of Red Rose Troop, obediently looked at her handiwork. It resembled a much-rumpled bit of cloth more than any known sort of bag, and she gazed at it with a hopeless expression not at all characteristic of her usually bubbling nature.

"You hold your needle," said Jane, "like an old sailor patching tarpaulin. Look at those stitches!"

Bobo looked. "I'm afraid I'm just not good at this sort of thing," she admitted ruefully. It hurt her that there was anything connected with Girl Scouting to which she could not bring enthusiasm, at least, if not skill.

"What would the Dutch girls think of such stitches?" Jane went on inexorably. "They can probably do fine embroidery."

"Then why don't they make the bags?" Bobo wondered.

"Once more I shall remind you," Jane said with schooled patience, "that they have no cloth, no needles and thread, no soap, no shoes, nothing to eat—*nothing*."

"And we're going to fill the bags with little things and send them to those girls," Bobo went on.

"And moreover, Red Rose Troop is going to have an exhibition, during Girl Scout Week, of all the Friendship Bags," Jane proceeded. "We want every member represented. *Every* member."

"Is it importantest to have the exhibition," asked Bobo, "or to send the things to the Dutch children?"

Ruthie Kent, who was sitting next to Bobo, swallowed a strange sound, and leaned over to give her a few pointers on the gentle art of sewing. Bobo promptly pricked her finger, and a small trickle of her lifeblood stained the square of blue cloth. Jane put down her own work and fetched a bottomless sigh.

"Bobo," she demanded, "is International

Friendship nothing whatever to you?"

"What, exactly, is Internashnul Friendship?" Bobo asked, more to herself than to her companions. But Jane would not allow an opportunity such as this to slip by her. She cleared her throat.

"International Friendship," she declaimed in her best debating-society voice, "is the hand across the sea. It is the open heart for people in lands not our own. It is the spirit of understanding for the alien point of view. It is the brotherhood of man; the ideal of true democracy."

Red Rose Troop put down its sewing as one girl and clapped. Bobo sucked her pricked finger and frowned, her wide brown eyes full of puzzlement.

"Isn't it," she said, "just loving everybody in the world and trying to be nice to them?"

Miss Roberts, the much-esteemed Leader of Red Rose Troop, had been within earshot for some minutes.

"A reasonably good boil-down of Jane's oratory," she smiled. "Why not play

Shusti-Fidli for a while and get the kinks out of your thimble fingers?"

Red Rose Troop scrambled to its feet with alacrity, but Jane shook her head as she folded up her work. "Girl Scout Week just around the corner," she muttered, "and these bags not even ready for drawstrings yet."

Bobo ran, skipped, and walked around many corners on her way home, but behind none of them did she see Girl Scout Week. Not that she would have known just how to recognize it, if it had been standing in a visible form under an October bright maple tree. But it was a presence, an important segment of time that was drawing swiftly nearer, and Bobo knew miserably within herself that when the Friendship Bags were ranged in colorful rows at the exhibition, hers would not be among them. "And just the cakes of soap and spools of thread and things would look so lonesome simply sitting on the table," Bobo reflected anxiously.

So deep was she in trying to invent some hitherto unknown form of bag which should require no seams nor hems, that she almost collided with the portly figure of her old friend Mr. Horatio Bristle, who was out for an autumnal stroll with his equally portly old dog, Hector.

"Ho, Bobo!" cried Mr. Bristle. "Never saw you look so down in the mouth. Too nice a day. What's the matter under your hat?"

"It's Internashnul Friendship," said Bobo, patting Hector, who had pantingly availed himself of the chance to sit down.

Mr. Bristle stared at his young friend with perplexed blue eyes. "Don't mean to say you're worrying over the headlines or something?" he puffed. "Let United Nations do the worrying."

"The trouble," explained Bobo, "is that I don't know how to make my Friendship Bag."

Mr. Bristle stared. "Hey? A *what* bag?"

"We put little things for Dutch children in it," Bobo explained. "I can't make mine in time for Girl Scout Week."

"If you make it in time for the Dutch kids I guess that will be all right," said Mr. Bristle, who sometimes was extraordinarily clever about understanding what Bobo meant.

"Jane wouldn't think so," Bobo sighed.

Mr. Bristle made an effort and remembered Jane. "She's that top-sergeant gal," he recalled.

"She's made three already," Bobo told him.

"Why doesn't she give you one of hers?" the old gentleman wondered.

"I s'pose that wouldn't be real Internashnul Friendship," said Bobo.

(Continued on page 22)

Bobo threaded her needle with a yard or two of black thread and then attacked the bit of flannel





# Shooting Star

by DORIS GREENBERG

**T**WO of the nation's top-flight rifle shots were comparing scores at a tournament where "perfect" would be 400. The official totals weren't ready yet, so several other competitors stood near by, listening.

"How did you do?" asked one of the men.

"All right. Got 399," came the answer. "And you?"

"Also 399."

A slight, brown-haired girl wearing slacks was lingering on the fringe of the group.

"What did you get, Audrey?" someone inquired.

"Four hundred," she quietly replied.

That's the kind of feat fifteen year old Audrey Bockmann of Ridgefield, New Jersey, has been pulling off. Modest, matter-of-fact, she outshoots marksmen twice her age.

Audrey, however, would rather ride than shoot. Recently she bought a horse with some of her prize money. She'd saved \$180 and Bob cost \$200, and her family paid the difference so that she could have him by her birthday, April 21.

Her blue eyes shine as she says, "I want to breed stock when I get older—horses, cows, even poultry." She gets shy, though, when shooting is mentioned. She doesn't like to have a fuss made over her prowess.

Holder of four national records, eleven trophies, and thirteen dozen medals, Audrey stands five feet three and weighs barely one hundred pounds. How does she do it?

In the first place, she started when she was six. With her father as teacher, she began on a midget weapon. At seven, shooting atop a soapbox, she won a women's match in Connecticut. That same year she became an honorary member of her dad's club, the Swiss Rifle Association.

Using a man-size .22, she's been competing with adults ever since. Quite often she outshoots her father, who is rated a master. Among rifle experts it's taken for granted that Audrey will be national women's champ one of these days, if she keeps shooting.

It's a grind, though. Homework permitting, she practices at the club's range for two hours on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Naturally, perseverance is not enough—clear vision and a steady hand

are indicated, and steady nerves are perhaps the biggest factor. Audrey has them all.

Watch her walk calmly to the firing point. She's carrying her rifle and sight—a compact lens affair that stands on a short tripod. There's not a trace of stage fright, no matter how important the match.

Since most meets call for "prone" shooting, she wears dark woolen slacks.



A tan jockey cap fastened by bobby pins to her fluffy hair, and a sturdy jacket bright with red badges, complete her outfit.

When she reaches the line of mats, usually set fifty yards from the targets, she puts down her equipment, and plops on her stomach. After deftly adjusting the sight to the proper range, she props herself up with her left elbow and balances the rifle with her left hand, reserving the right for trigger duty. At the signal she fires. A golden flash shows she's on the job.

Does she get a thrill out of snagging

titles? "I like to shoot," she says off-handedly. People who know her think that maybe it's because she doesn't take it too seriously that she does so well.

Most of the tournament attenders in the northeast do know her, for she and her father are at a meet almost every week end. During the waits for a turn on the line, she chats with friends, or munches a sandwich as she puzzles out an algebra problem.

The handful of women who shoot well enough to complete regularly agree with Audrey that strength is not a requisite. And they all bring with them an assortment of ammunition and gadgets weighing about twenty-five pounds, in addition to a twelve pound rifle!

Understandably, most shooters travel by car. The Bockmanns' model A has done thousands of miles to points in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and even Florida. Almost every Sunday Audrey and her dad are up early—very early—to start for armories or outdoor ranges.

Mrs. Bockmann sometimes goes along. Often she meets them afterward, and brings a dress for Audrey so that the family can have dinner out and go to a movie. Late this past summer, when the first National Rifle Association meet in five years was held at Camp Perry, Ohio, Audrey and her mother went by train because Mr. Bockmann, who is an engineer, wasn't able to get away.

Of course her parents keep scrapbooks, and her twenty-four year old brother, who gave up shooting years ago, is an informal press agent. Audrey's classmates in Ridgefield Junior High tease her occasionally. "The boys like to plink around with guns," she says, "but none of them go in for matches."

Audrey finished junior high in June; then three years in another school, then question mark. Although she's now taking an academic course and gets mostly B's, she doesn't think she'll go to college—unless, perhaps, to an agricultural school.

Meanwhile she's reading up on life in the West, where she'd like to have her farm. "Books that really tell you the truth about it," she stipulates. Will James is her favorite author. Western movies are good, she says, if they don't rely too much on "impossible stuff." A year ago Roy Rogers was top man; now it's John Wayne.

Besides shooting and riding (she started the latter when she was eight) Audrey plays center guard on the girls' basketball team at Ridgefield. She did take banjo lessons, but gave them up for lack of time.

Audrey's much too polite to complain of a by-product of her rifle career that affects women only. But please don't call her "Annie Oakley"!

THE END

**Audrey began shooting at six. Now fifteen, she's snagged four national rifle records, holds thirteen dozen medals**





Don't poke malicious fun at Jane,  
It's true her clothes are odd and plain,  
But only think—if you were she,  
How hurt, left out and sad you'd be!

# Mood Indigo

by BETTY BETZ

I WENT through it. I saw my sister through it.

And I'm sure that everyone runs the same gamut of moods and complexes on the bumpy road to becoming an adult. If I go back a few years, I can remember that shaky feeling I had when I arrived at a party. They were just kids I saw every day in the classroom, but in a group, wearing their best clothes and manners, they seemed entirely different.

I used to wonder what others were thinking about me, but of course I realize now that nobody was in the least concerned. I felt uneasy about my clothes and my table manners, and one tiny mistake could ruin a whole evening. If my date paid attention to another girl, I would shrink back in a corner, instead of being extra-nice to him to get back into focus. If I was escorted by a creep, I completely ignored him for fear the other kids might think I had a crush on him. This trick alone probably won me a zero-minus date rating from all the boys. And if I had no date at all on a Saturday night I was *really* sorry for myself, and probably spent the evening sulking instead of reading a good book or taking my dad to the movies.

If I bumped into a crowd of girl friends chatting at the soda fountain, I sometimes had the idea they were gossiping about me, and I hurried home in-

stead of joining them. I felt strange and embarrassed in my own home when I had a boy caller, because I felt that my family would say the wrong thing or kid me. I even stared in the mirror and wished I looked like another girl I knew, instead of making the most of the fairly good features I had. What a lot of nonsense I went through! There were times when I felt like mud in a washtub.

Since that time I've received hundreds of letters from boys, as well as girls, who secretly admit having the same problems, and who beg me to help them out of their misery. Well! So I wasn't a mental case after all! All I needed was a little confidence in myself and I probably could have skipped most of that "blue period."

I can't say that it's possible, however, to jump right from a happy, sheltered (Continued on page 47)



Sue's Egbert seems a doleful drip  
She'd like to give the lad the slip  
(If she could learn to treat him well  
With half a chance he might be swell.)



What's behind Hallowe'en and all its eerie customs? You'll have more fun if you know!

by AIKEN WELCH



On Nutcrack Night in old England fortunes were told from nuts in the fire



Illustrated by JOHN C. MURPHY

The

# Goblins'll Get You-

**W**AS there ever a more unhallowed lot than the witches and goblins and ghosts who claim Allhallows' Eve as their own? But unhallowed or not, Hallowe'en, with its thrills and chills, is fun.

How are you planning to celebrate it this year? Will you have a large get-together party in a room decorated with streamers of orange and black, with pumpkins grinning balefully at you from unexpected corners? Will witches ride their brooms around the walls, with shining-eyed black cats skulking at their heels?

And what will you do that is regulation Hallowe'en stuff? Will you bob for apples and juggle doughnuts on the end of your nose? Will you shiver deliciously at the dire predictions of the witch fortuneteller, if she's in your midst? Unlucky omens from cracked walnuts may describe your married life in such harrowing terms you'll prefer to remain an old maid. You will delve into superstitions and pretend really to believe in them—for the fun of it.

But have you any notion what's behind all this Hallowe'en eeriness, and to what dim ages these customs hark back? Do you know why bonfires are lighted on Hallowe'en? Why witches ride broomsticks and ghosts walk on that particular night? When you're having your fun, whatever form it takes, you may enjoy it even more if you know the origins of the day that made our ancestors really quake and tremble in more superstitious times.

For Hallowe'en, with its aura of strangeness and magic, is an ancient festival. Some scholars say it began in India, Egypt, and China a long, long time ago, many centuries before the birth of Christ—even before the beginning of recorded history. In those dim, distant days, ancient astronomers did a pretty good job of calculating time by the appearance of certain stars and star groups in the sky. The position of the constellation called the Pleiades marked the end of the old year and the beginning of the new. The New Year coincided with November 1 of our calendar, so October

31 was their New Year's Eve. It was the beginning of the festival of ancestors, when the living paid tribute to the dead.

The end of the year, to these ancient people, meant also the end of the harvest. When it was bountiful there was feasting and celebration. So it isn't hard to see how apples, nuts, fruit, and cider came down to us as part of the tradition of Hallowe'en.

In Europe, somewhat later, the Romans celebrated the feast of Pomona,



Shropshire children sang a special song as they begged for Hallowe'en soul cakes

mother of fruits, on this day. So though you may not realize it, when you regale yourself with pumpkin pie, gorge on nuts, and bite a big chunk out of a red, juicy apple on Hallowe'en, you are doing as the Romans did when they honored Pomona.

But where did the day get its uncanny, ghostly character? Most historians

place the chief responsibility for this on the Druids, those mysterious Celtic priests of pre-Christian days whose flowing white robes and pointed wands are still the symbol of magic and the supernatural. It is from them, no doubt, we get the black cats that decorate our walls, cakes, and candies, for they are said to have believed that when people died, they were often reborn as animals, especially as cats. A girl of those days would start in terror if a black cat darted across her path. It might be somebody's evil spirit. On Hallowe'en, she would be pretty sure it was.

**O**N October 31, the night of Samhain, the Druid year ended. It was a grave and solemn evening. The priests, dressed in their white robes, stood in a circle while their people gathered about them in silence and awe. All their fires had been put out, symbolizing a world without warmth and light. Samhain, the Lord of Death was supposed to be present, choosing those among them who were to die in the year to come. The light of the old year was dead. The season of fertility was over. Winter was on its way, but the new fires, symbols of life and hope and protection, were not yet started. The frightening dusk deepened, light faded from the sky. Now came a dread interval of cold darkness with the evil spirits hovering near.

Folk drew closer together in the circle, not daring to look behind them. They really believed that in this dark interval on Hallowe'en, bad spirits were abroad. Goblins left their mountain caves to prowling about, witches flew by, whispering hoarse threats to the unwary. Ghouls and vampires, wraiths and spooks, hovered near good folk, whispering to them, breathing cold breaths upon their necks, and touching them with bony, ice-cold fingers.

When at last, amid incantations and rites, the central fire was lighted, each person quickly seized a flaming brand and hurried home, brandishing his fire to exorcise the evil spirits, hardly daring to breathe until he was safe in his cottage

(Continued on page 25)



# A Slight Case of Heart Trouble

by BEA CHALMERS

Illustrated by HAROLD KOSKINEN



**Jenny had just about decided that life was sheer heaven when the old problem of career women reared its ugly head**

**H**HEY, Jenny, that's the third time Mr. Walters asked for the envelope on Mrs. Martin. Better wake up!"

Jenny shot from her desk to the files, found Mrs. Martin's envelope in record time, and nearly fell over herself getting it to Mr. Walters' desk. It wouldn't do to have her managing editor ask for something three times without results.

She slid back into her chair and said breathlessly to Tom, "I guess my ears are going back on me, or something." But Tom was deep in an AP dispatch and didn't hear her.

"Ears nothing, my girl," Jenny thought to herself. "If there's anything the matter with you, it's with your heart." And there she was again, thinking about Steve.

Until two months ago boys hadn't meant anything special to Jenny. She had

had as many dates as any of the girls in her crowd, but there never had been any one boy whom she preferred to all the others.

Then Steve moved to Cedarville, and joined Jenny's class at Cedarville High, and here she was, not hearing Mr. Walters and being told by Tom that she had been called.

Jenny looked over toward Tom's desk. Of all the reporters who worked full time at the "Journal," Tom was her favorite. Before Bob—Jenny's older brother, who was a photographer for the "Journal"—had returned from the South Pacific, it had been to Tom that Jenny went with her problems. If Letitia, society editor, was in a particularly nasty mood and took it out on Jenny, there was always Tom to grin and say, "Don't let it bother you, kid." And when Jenny was promoted

from tending the morgue, or files, to writing for the paper as well, Tom was the first to show his pleasure.

"Tom," she asked now, "do you think a woman's place is in the home?"

Tom looked up from his desk. "What woman?"

"Well, for instance, a woman interested in a career."

Tom smiled. "I think that woman ought to go on being a promising young reporter on the Cedarville 'Journal'."

"So do I," Jenny answered. Then she added to herself, "But Steve doesn't." And there it was, the thing that was bothering her more and more as she got to know Steve better. Yesterday they had spent almost half an hour over lime cokes, talking about women and where they belonged.

"Don't get me wrong, Jenny," he had said, looking at her very seriously, "I'm not one of those guys who thinks women shouldn't do anything but housework. As far as ability goes, I don't think there's any argument at all about women having careers. It's just that—well—" He had started twiddling with the straws in his





glass, pushing the ice around with them.

"It's just what?" Jenny had prompted.

"Something happens to women with careers," Steve had blurted. "They change, or something."

If it had been anyone except Steve, Jenny would have jumped at the opportunity to argue the point. She enjoyed a spirited discussion, especially about her pet topic, newspapers and newspaper-women. But with Steve it was different. "Must be his curly hair," she thought.

"Curly hair or not, though," she decided, thinking the incident over, "we'll have to have it out. I positively, absolutely, certainly, definitely will *not* let a boy mean something special to me for the first time in my almost seventeen years, and then find we are fundamentally unsuited! No, sir! This Wednesday, even if it does spoil our whole day, we'll have it out."

Jenny got a nice feeling all over when she thought of Wednesday. She and Steve, her brother Bob, and Helen, the girl Bob was dating most, were going to spend the whole day together. They had been planning it for over a month, ever

since Jenny had learned that Wednesday was Steve's birthday as well as Teachers' Conference day, which meant no school. When she had suggested to Steve that the four of them spend the whole day together to celebrate his birthday he had been terribly pleased, even though he had tried hard not to show it.

"It was almost as though no one had ever made a fuss about his birthday before," Jenny told Bob incredulously.

"Maybe no one ever has," Bob answered. But Jenny, thinking of how nice her birthdays had always been, could hardly believe it.

Their plans were to leave right after breakfast, picnic lunch at the beach, swim if the weather would permit, have dinner at an attractive place where Steve had never been, and then go to a movie. All four of them had been looking for-

ward to it eagerly, but Steve and Jenny most eagerly of all. Both of them, in their last term at high, were very busy with schoolwork. And with Jenny's part-time work at the "Journal" and Steve's Saturday job at Pete's garage, they hardly ever had more than ten minutes together for a coke. Jenny's parents had agreed to her working on the newspaper only if she promised that her schoolwork wouldn't suffer, and in order to keep that promise, Jenny had very little time left for dates. But every time she and Steve had to rush off to another class, or to the library, they'd remind each other of Wednesday, and feel better.

"But even if it does spoil the whole day," Jenny repeated, "we're going to have this career business out." Then she forcibly pulled her mind away from pic-

(Continued on page 40)

"I haven't even begun the list, stammered Jenny. "In fact I guess I don't know what list you mean." Everyone stopped typing and the whole office suddenly grew quiet

# A



*Above right:* For school or best, fitted all-wool shetland coat by Barbara Coat Co. About \$30 at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Eastern Outfitting, Portland, Oregon; Adam, Mieldrum and Anderson, Buffalo

*Above left:* Patch-pocketed and warm as toast, this coat may be worn belted or loose. By Smithken and Kleinman, about \$35 at Saks 34th St., New York City; Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh; F. and R. Lazarus in Columbus

*Left:* All-wool fleece topper that can button up to your chin. By Barbara Coat Co. About \$35, you'll find it at Marshall Field in Chicago; The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; and Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia

*Photographs by Larry Gordon*

# Winter's Tale

BY  
JOAN TARBERT



*Left:* Warm, stadium shortie with bright buttons, slash pockets, and an alpaca lining. About \$40. For the name of your nearest retailer, write to the Jerry Coat Company, Address 534 8th Avenue, New York City 18



*Below:* Dressy coat with soft, elasticized waistline. By Young Classics, it's about \$45 at Oppenheim Collins, in New York City and Philadelphia; Junior Vogue, Chicago; William Y. Gilmore, in Oak Park, Illinois

Your winter coat's an important investment—you'll be wearing it for a long time, probably more than one season. So choose it for warmth and wear and simple styling that you won't hate inside of two months. Long or short, gray's a good color this season. It goes over everything. Other shades are good too, but be sure they look well with the skirts and dresses you already have. Other style points: lots of belts, big lapels, turnover collars, and, inevitably, pockets.

The American Girl



*Right:* Double-breasted coat with warm leggings to match. By Vogue Coat Co., it's about \$40 at Shepard's, Providence; F. and R. Lazarus, Columbus; The Boston Store, Milwaukee



1776



1900

## Fashion Favorites

**1776:** A simple jumper, with deep armholes, to wear with or without its well-cut, neatly-cuffed blouse. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. In size 14 (32), jumper requires  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39" material, while the blouse requires 2 yards of 39" material. Price: 25c.

**1900:** Battle jacket, skirt, and slacks—a perfect go-everywhere winter ensemble. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. For all three pieces in size 14 (32),  $4\frac{7}{8}$  yards 54" material are needed. Price: 25c.

**1899:** Another three-piece outfit for interesting wardrobe mixtures! Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. Skirt and waistcoat in size 14 (32) require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54" material; long-sleeved blouse,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39"; short-sleeved,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35". Price: 25c.

**1388:** The soft peplum and scalloped neckline are features of this dressy two-piecer for dates. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. In size 14 (32) 3 yards of 42" cloth are required. Price: 25c.

**1510:** Princess dress for girls, with side-buttoned closing, and smart, collarless, square neckline. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. A 14 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 42", or  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 54" material. Price: 15c.

**1509:** Girl's beanie, skirt, and jacket—suited for school. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. In size 14, the jacket requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54" material; the skirt,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards; the hat,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard. Price: 15c.

*These are Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, and may be purchased through The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. Please state size when ordering and be sure to enclose exact total payment for patterns desired. We pay postage.*





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The American Girl

19

# FRESH as ALL OUTDOORS

by HAZEL RAWSON CADES



**D**ID YOU ever notice, when you pick up a bottle of hand lotion or a jar of cream, that the first thing you do is to smell it? It just seems to be an instinctive move. Maybe, the perfume has nothing to do with the purpose

of the product. The purpose of the hand lotion is to soften and smooth your hands. The cream may be meant to cleanse your face. But you sniff them anyway, because apparently we all just naturally like things to smell nice. Nose appeal is as much a part of charm as is eye appeal—which is a very good thing for a girl to remember and apply to herself.

In the fall and winter, when more people are indoors, often in crowds, it's particularly important to be careful about this social responsibility. Fresh air and sunlight make everything smell pleasanter. Summer clothes that take to frequent tubbing are easier to keep soap-and-water sweet. In colder weather there's more indoor living, more crowding together in classrooms, busses, and public meeting places. And more wear-



Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

ing of heavier clothing, some of which can't be tubbed or dry cleaned as frequently as summer cottons are washed. All of which means more responsibility about personal fragrance.

One fairly obvious way to take care of this is to use perfume. But perfume is the frosting on your cake. Too much perfume is as indigestible to noses as too much frosting is to your insides. And like frosting, it can't make up for a poor cake.

Properly used, perfume gives people about you a subtle, fleeting impression of loveliness, rather than a violent jolt. There are lots of ways in which you can use perfume to get this effect. Dusting powder, talcum, and toilet water, for example, are more lightly scented than perfume essence. For everyday wear, they give you just about the right amount of fragrance—not too much to compete with the perfumes other people are wearing. The use of sachet powder in coat hangers and in little bags or pads in your bureau drawers is also a very pleasant habit.

The thing to remember, of course, is that no matter how much you like your favorite fragrance, other people may have a different idea. So to be on the safe side, use it sparingly.

Another thing you should keep in mind is that to give perfume its best chance there should be no unpleasant competition from you. There are some people who don't like certain fragrances, but I never heard of anyone who objected to the good, clean smell of soap and water. Baths are important—summer or winter. Perfumed preparations may react differently on different people, but they can't react pleasantly on any skin which is not sweet and fresh itself.

Perspiration is a very necessary function of the body, but perspiration left to dry on the skin may become quite unpleasant, which is one of the reasons why "particular" people are careful about bathing. In the special perspiring areas, such as the under arms, it's also a good plan to use a deodorant preparation which is designed to safeguard you against unpleasant perspiration odor.

For added protection to woolen dresses and sweaters, dress shields are a big help and, of course, you'll wash these frequently.

Don't overlook the fact that your head may perspire when you're exercising hard, and that perspiration on the scalp and hair is apt to give a musty smell. Your weekly shampoo should take care of this efficiently.

Then your clothes. Certainly they should be kept as fresh

and sweet as you keep yourself. Stockings and socks should be washed daily. Underwear, gloves, handkerchiefs, sweaters and blouses should be spandy clean. Watch out for smudges on collars and hatbands. Brush woolens well and often and, if you get a chance, hang them out on the line on a windy day.

Well, it must seem to you sometimes as if a girl's work is never done. It's "Do this. Do that. Don't forget this. And be sure to remember that." However, it seems pretty apparent that you all want to be as popular and well-groomed as possible. And I'm sure you have discovered that this is a competitive business in which you can't afford to miss any advantages. So just one last word of caution. Don't forget (to paraphrase) that maybe the nose is quicker than the eye. **THE END**



"Aren't we terrific?"

Act 1  
Scene 2



"Jane took her camera to the last rehearsal and did the cast have a grand time posing for posterity! The actors think Jane's pictures are great . . . and everyone wants prints."

\* \* \*

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## Bobo and Internashnul Friendship

(Continued from page 9)

"Well," Mr. Bristle said in an encouraging voice, "I'm no needlewoman, so I don't know how to give you any points, but I'll bet you'll have *something* in the bag by Girl Scout Week!"

Bobo had reserved a special drawer in her dresser for the diligently collected items destined for her Friendship Bag. Until now, they had given her a good deal of satisfaction. The morning after her talk with Mr. Bristle she carefully lifted them out and arranged them on her bed—the bright blue comb, the vivid red barrette, the transparently green toothbrush, the cake of lilac soap, the multicolored hair ribbon, the gay handkerchief, the small notebook, the packet of needles and spools of thread. Last, the snapshot of herself in full Girl Scout uniform.

"What have you got to grin about like that?" she demanded of the cheerful, pictured face. "You've fallen down on the first step of Internashnul Friendship; how can they put all these things on board an ocean ship, just loose this way?"

A sudden thought flashed into her mind. One of the bags in which her mother kept balls of darning cotton and bundles of tape—that would be just about the right size.

"No, I have to make it my own self," she decided after some thought. "Once you let other people do it, then it isn't really *you* wanting to be friends with everybody in the world."

She sat down on the bed with her practice sewing, took a few clumsy stitches, then dropped the bit of flannel in disgust.

It might comfort her, Bobo thought, if she took her collection of overseas gifts to show Mr. Bristle. He was always so appreciative, and she was sure he had never seen anything so brilliantly gelatinous as the plastic comb and toothbrush. She had selected them with great care, for she thought they should be cheery as well as useful. She scraped her assorted articles into a shoebox and galloped out into the keen October morning.

MR. BRISTLE was out in his garden, nipping off faded chrysanthemums. He was very proud of his flowers and fussed over them a great deal. He did not see Bobo come through the gate, and when she said "Hullo!" beside his ear, he gave a bounce and a squeak that made her laugh.

"Scared my buttons off!" said Mr. Bristle, straightening up. "What've you got there, Bobo? A box lunch?"

Bobo suddenly looked as if she wished it were a box lunch. "No," she told him, "just my Friendship Bag."

"When I was a youngster," said Mr. Bristle, "bags didn't have corners."

"I mean," Bobo explained solemnly, "it *would* be my Friendship Bag if I could make one. It's the things to go in it."

Mr. Bristle bent over to look as Bobo removed the lid. The effect of full sunlight on the brilliant plastics was positively dazzling.

"Nough to cheer up the whole continent of Europe," said Mr. Bristle, blinking. "Specially this!" he added with a chuckle, lifting out the snapshot of Bobo Witherspoon, donor. "Wouldn't mind having one of these myself, Bobo."

Bobo sometimes gave up trying to under-



### THE OCTOBER COVER

features a smartly-belted Dan Snyder wrap-around coat. Made of fleece—gray, blue, red, green or vicuna—it has a cozy woolen interlining and costs about \$35. For the name of the store nearest you which sells it, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th Street, New York City 17. The girl in the coat is Taffy Walstead, one of the busier teen-age models. Peck, Bergman, and Hope are favorites of hers—and so is Mr. Caspar Milqtoast!

stand what on earth the old gentleman meant; she gave up now and merely said: "We put our name and address on the back. The Internashnul Girl Scouts and Guides are s'posed to write to us if they want to, and I do hope they will—only how can we understand them?"

Mr. Bristle stared out over his sunny garden and pulled thoughtfully at his white mustache. "I guess friendship's one language that doesn't need a dictionary," he said slowly.

"Of course, I know *merci*!" Bobo reflected. "But if it was a Dutch girl or a Polish one, what would they say?"

"I wouldn't know, any more'n Hector would," Mr. Bristle chuckled. "But I know it's time you had a couple of cookies."

She was still polishing off the last cookie crumbs when she left Mr. Bristle's wide gate and turned homeward. On her way she passed the Dodgson house, to which Captain Dodgson had just returned from long duty overseas. To Bobo's amazement, a girl somewhat older than herself sat on the doorstep, where no child had ever sat before. She was a fair-skinned little girl, with tight flaxen pigtails and wide blue eyes. She sat very quietly on the top step, and Bobo couldn't help staring, for she had never in her life seen any one that age with so bewildered an expression. She slowed down and grinned her widest—which was notably wide and cheery—and the other girl's mouth flickered into a brief smile.

"Hi!" said Bobo. The small stranger murmured something that sounded like "Goede morgen," and Bobo stared the harder.

The screen door opened and Mrs. Dodgson looked out. "Hello, Bobo," she said. "Do make friends with Marije. She is my new little adopted daughter—Captain Dodgson

brought her all the way from Holland. She had a very sad time over there, and of course America seems quite strange to her."

Bobo stood thunderstruck, her mouth open in honest amazement. Suddenly her brown eyes grew rounder than ever, and she gasped, "Do you mean—do you mean that she's a real little Dutch girl?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Dodgson agreed, and, smiling, went into the house again.

Bobo sat down on the steps, still staring and still grinning. "I'm Bobo," she ventured. "What did Mrs. Dodgson call you—Marie?"

"Marije," nodded the girl, pointing to herself.

"Bobo," said that individual, planting a finger on her own chest. "That is, it's not my real name, but it's what everybody calls me. Do you like it here?"

Marije looked pleased and interested, but remained silent.

"You'll like it very much, soon," Bobo assured her at top speed. "The Dodgsons' have such wonderful trees to climb—only there've never been any children to climb them—and then down the street there's Mr. Bristle, and he's so nice and jolly. Of course he didn't use to like children at all, but it's very funny, 'cause now he does—that is, he's so nice to me—and he has a fat dog called Hector, and he always keeps cookies and things for people that look hungry. I guess I always look hungry."

Bobo stopped, for it suddenly occurred to her that Marije looked as if she had been hungry for a long time. Not now, with Mrs. Dodgson's ample meals; but before that, in those sad times across the seas. Something began to dawn slowly on Bobo, and its light illumined her like a beam from on high. Providence had sent her an honest-to-goodness little Dutch girl—a girl who was not on the other side of the ocean, but who sat so close to Bobo that no Friendship Bag would be needed to hold the gifts destined for her. A girl whose expression told her that International Friendship was a living need, and that it could begin at that moment. Bobo pulled the cover from her shoebox.

"Look!" she cried, extending the transparent blue comb. "For you! Would you like it?"

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Dodgson had supplied her little refugee adequately with toothbrushes, combs, soap, and all the minor comforts of the American way of life, but Marije's face kindled with pleasure at sight of Bobo's varicolored assortment.

"Prit-ty!" she exclaimed, and Bobo bounced with joy at hearing an English word.

"For you!" she repeated, dumping the collection into Marije's lap.

"*De kam!*" murmured the little girl, fingering the vivid comb. "*Ik dank u—Ik dank u!*"

Well, anybody could understand *that*—it just sounded like rather funny English. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard to talk Dutch, after all. Bobo's grin widened.

"Ik like u," she said heartily, and Marije certainly looked as though she understood. But in handling the gay presents she had uncovered the snapshot of Bobo Witherspoon, Tenderfoot, in full Girl Scout uniform, with the trefoil proudly on her bosom.

"Oh, oh!" Marije cried, her voice tremulous with sober excitement. She was scrambling to her feet, spilling ribbons and knickknacks over the steps. Heels neatly together, her right hand went solemnly to her forehead, three fingers extended. And in the



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AND OFFICIAL, TOO



One smart style from many which bear the name  
Official Girl Scout Shoes. Recommended  
for wear with your uniform—and just what fashion  
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It's not an official shoe unless it is marked "Girl Scout"

Official Girl Scout Shoes

clear American sunshine Bobo Witherspoon, Girl Scout, and Marije Vervanden, *Nederlandsche Padvinder*, gazed at each other in a silence where no language was necessary.

The exhibition of Friendship Bags took place during Girl Scout Week at the Community Center, and so far as Jane Burke was concerned, one might have supposed that the entire future of Red Rose Troop depended upon the showing its members made. Though other troops were displaying their bags, it was decidedly not a competitive affair; there were no prizes, honors, awards, mentions, or anything of the sort. Simply a great many bags and a great many little comforts to go overseas. There were to be folk songs and singing games from different countries, and a general intertroop get-together that promised to be very pleasant. But Jane Burke was counting and re-counting the Red Rose display, like a distracted shepherd trying to check up on his flock.

She straightened, and swept a disapproving glance around the hall. It looked very gay with the many bright chintz bags, as if every table and bench had blossomed with a multitude of flowers. Jane assured herself that, anyway, Red Rose had more bags to the square inch than some of the other troops, and then said to Helen and Vera, with a profound sigh:

"But where is Bobo's bag? Where, at least, are the articles that should be in it?"

"Where, indeed, is Bobo?" grinned Helen.

Jane, rapidly scanning the Red Roses, sighed more deeply. "I don't understand," she said, "why Miss Roberts doesn't take a really firm stand with the child."

"I guess she thinks your stand is firm enough to go around," snapped Red. She had grown slightly stale on the whole subject of International Friendship during Jane's supervision of the bag project.

Miss Roberts was chatting with one of the other Leaders, and did not seem unduly upset by the absence of the youngest member of her troop. But suddenly Bobo was in the midst of her fellow Red Roses—a Bobo even more beaming than usual, which was saying a good deal. Her grin faded as she caught Jane's eye, and whatever she was about to say died on her lips as Jane demanded:

"Where, Bobo, is your Friendship Bag?"

"I just wasn't able to finish it," Bobo confessed ruefully. "It simply wouldn't make, somehow. It turned into fringes and ruffles and queer things."

"Where," Jane pursued coldly, "are the articles you were to put in it?"

Bobo flung out empty hands. "I haven't got them any more," she admitted. By this time other Red Roses were pricking up interested ears, and Miss Roberts had drawn near.

"Haven't got them?" Jane repeated incredulously. "You mean you've lost them?"

"I gave them to a little Dutch girl," said Bobo with a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"You did *what*?" Several girls asked it together.

"Gave them to a little Dutch girl," Bobo repeated. "Isn't that what we were meant to do with them?"

"Now, Bobo," said Jane kindly, but very firmly. "Please remember that you're not back with the Brownies, where you pretend to fly to foreign lands on a magic carpet or

something. You know perfectly well that the things have to be sent to Headquarters and shipped to various countries."

"That was just the lovely part of it," said Bobo. "That it could happen right here. Of course she doesn't need the ackshual soap and things, but when she found out that I'm a—"

Miss Roberts had stepped up. "Never mind, Jane," she said quickly. "What is it, Bobo? How could you give your things to a Dutch girl, dear?"

"It's my Internashnul Friendship," Bobo explained delightedly. "And she's waiting outside the door. I just wanted to ask if she can be a Red Rose. *Can* she, Miss Roberts?"

The bewildered Leader found it impossible to give an answer to so incomprehensible a demand, and Jane was muttering more about "Brownie imagination."

But Bobo had not waited for a reply. She had rushed to the door and now sped back again, pulling by the hand a fair-haired girl who wore pinned to her dress a badge that bore strange words, but was a very familiar trefoil—a girl who drew herself up shyly before Miss Roberts and saluted her with the sign that every Girl Scout in the room knew. Bobo pushed her up before the table, in more or less the place where her own missing Friendship Bag should have been.

"Here she is, she's Marije Vervanden," she announced, and began talking very fast, to get everything in quickly. "She's a real *Nederlandsche* Girl Scout and Captain Dodgson has just brought her back from Dutchland—I mean Holland—and she's their little daughter now—and she had awful times

## WHY DON'T YOU .....

... cut a color caper on a plain jacket by tying matching, bright-flowered hankies into button bows at neck and waistline.

... slick up your slacks and pedal pushers by sewing a big patch pocket over one hip. The brighter the better; have it match your sweater, shirt, or beanie.

... cover the dark leather part of your saddle shoes with clear nail polish. Then clean the white part freely, without fear of slopping over, for the white polish can easily be wiped off from the nail lacquer. Keen teens don't wear shoes that are half-past clean!

... wrap a piece of gauze (or a clean, silk stocking) over your brush when you give your hair its daily brushing. Gives your locks a luscious luster between shampoos.

... latch onto your big brother's khaki socks (he hates them, now that he's out of

the Army!) dye them a dark color, and embroider your initials in bright yarn on the outside of each ankle!

... slip-cover your schoolbooks with transparent, shower-curtain fabric. About 49¢ a yard, 36 inches wide, some comes in amusing picture prints. A yard will cover several books. Keep them clean and make them waterproof.

... line your dresser drawers with some giddy wallpaper. Paste a matching strip on the frame of your mirror, and if your dresser has a glass top, lay a piece of the same wallpaper under the glass to complete the colorful ensemble.

... fasten your school letters on your sweater or jacket with snap fasteners instead of actually sewing the letters on. When you send your things to the cleaner's, or wash them, just unsnap the letters or insignia—easier than ripping them off and sewing them on again each time.



by GEORGIA LEE LAYTON



there—Mrs. Dodgson said we weren't even to ask about it—and natchelly she doesn't need combs and handkerchiefs and things like those other girls do, so of course we have to send out bags—but I think she needs Internashnul Friendship because prob'ly she's sort of lonesome here—I would be if I was in Dutchland—I mean Holland—and I know how to say 'Wees welkom, mijn vriend!'—it means 'Welcome, my friend'—"

At the sound of the familiar words in the midst of Bobo's headlong speech, Marije's face kindled suddenly. Miss Roberts put an arm over her shoulders. "Welcome," she smiled, glad that the word was easily understood in both languages. "Welcome to Red Rose Troop!" Then she gave a quick sign to one of the other Leaders, who flung a hand up for attention.

"Let's sing 'Rosa Dear'. I dare say Marije knows it better than we do!"

So every one burst into that lively tune. After one incredulous moment of listening, Marije sang too. But she sang:

"Rosa willen wy dansen?"

"Danst Rosa, danst Rosa;

"Rosa med haar bloemenhoed . . ."

instead of the English words the others were singing. And when everybody clasped hands and danced in one exuberant circle, Marije had a smile nearly as big as Bobo's, although tears ran down her cheeks. Bobo, who couldn't for the life of her understand such a combination, was afraid her friend was unhappy, after all.

But Marije didn't look really sad, in spite of the tears. She patted Bobo shyly and said very earnestly: "O, ik dank u, mijn vriend!"

But Bobo shook her head. "Oh, no!—ik dank u! You're my Internashnul Friendship, and Mr. Bristle said as long as that happened, it didn't matter if I couldn't sew a bag. Now I see what he meant, only I never thought of its being so nice."

"Wat ben ik gelukkig!" said Marije softly, and though Bobo couldn't exactly have translated it into, "How happy I am!" she suddenly realized the true meaning of another of Mr. Bristle's remarks—the one about friendship being a language that doesn't need a dictionary.

THE END

## The Goblins'll Get You

(Continued from page 13)

and had his own new fire burning brightly.

The comfort of an open fire is an old story, but how many of you realize that when you start a bonfire or light a fire on the hearth on Hallowe'en, you are following the New Year ritual which brought the comfort of protection to the long-gone Druids. It's a safe bet that you probably have never thought of it as a guard against some prowling goblin with evil intent.

Even after Christianity came to Europe, people still clung to many of their pagan superstitions. Though they accepted Christian teachings, they couldn't quite conquer their dread of the malignant spirits they had been taught so long to fear. In England, in Cornwall, in Scotland and Wales, in Celtic Brittany in France, they continued to quake on Allhallow's Eve. To combat its terrors and wean the people away from pagan celebrations, the Church designated November 1 as All Saints' Day, or Allhallow's. If the first of November were to be dedicated to the commemoration of the truly good

(Continued on page 27)

# that's for ME!



A snappy little purse of

Kelly green felt, with

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K-657—60c

incl. tax

just 6 inches and perfect to hold

my hankie and change.



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### Music and Brownies

WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT: I am fifteen years of age and a sophomore in West Haven high school.

There have been many interesting articles in your magazine, but I don't recall any about composers or pianists. I am very interested in this subject because I have been studying the piano for three years.

I enjoyed *Bobo* and *the Banderscollop* in the August issue and *Present-Day Princess*.

My sister and I are both Scouts. She is a Brownie and says to ask you to please have some stories about Brownies. I am a Senior Scout in Troop 97.

Thank you for a very nice magazine.

BLANCHE ISABELLE NORTON

### Bobo

SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND: I have taken your magazine for three years and have always liked most of it very much. But there are parts that just drive me nuts! One is Bobo Witherspoon. I just can't stand her. She is so utterly unreal that she isn't funny. I like *Sally Steps In* very much.

Please, I would like lots more older fashions.

I suppose I have sounded awfully crabby but I want you to know that on the whole I like your magazine very much.

TONI McNICKLE

### Art

TUCSON, ARIZONA: Every time I receive my issue of the "new" magazine I feel I simply must write you, and I've finally gotten at it. There's something you've taken out that I liked best of all. What has happened to S. Wendell Campbell's illustrations? Her color covers especially just breathed spring and youth, and it was a happy day for me when your cover featured her work. Won't you please bring her back?

Art work is my chief interest, and I intend to make it my lifework. I belong to Tucson high school's Art Honor Society and it is my favorite school activity. Do you suppose you could have an article about how to get started in an art career?

Thanks for a magazine that covers a wide scope of interests and features wonderful stories like *Clover Creek* and *For the Land's Sake*.

HELEN LAURA TAINTER

### Royal Families

EPPS, LOUISIANA: I've just received my August issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I must say I envied the girl on the cover. The watermelon made me hungry.

I enjoyed the article *Present-Day Princess*. I've read articles about Princess Elizabeth, but this is the first I've read of her sister. Please have more articles about other royal families of the world. Holland, for instance.

I agree with millions. This magazine is tops.

ROBERTA CROW

### Camera Club

WOODHAVEN, NEW YORK: Your article in the August issue, *It's a Perfect Snap*, was super. I am very much interested in photography, and I think it would be a swell idea for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to have a camera club of its own. Then the camera fiends could send in their favorite pictures, and each month the best ones could be published.

I also enjoyed the biographies that used to appear in the magazine and would like to see them again.

I am fifteen years old and a sophomore at the Franklin K. Lane High School.

Thanks again for a wonderful magazine.

RUTH ANDERSON

### Tips for Tall Girls

GREENVILLE, MAINE: I just finished reading this month's *AMERICAN GIRL* and I think it's strictly on the beam. I have only one complaint to make. It doesn't have enough stories.

How about some tips about clothes for tall girls? I quite agree with Rosmarie Blaise about a column on health, diet, and exercise.

LOLITA LANPHER

### The Younger Set

LITCHFIELD, ILLINOIS: My girl friend and I have just finished reading your August edition of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Jean has subscribed to your magazine for two years and I have subscribed for only one, but we both greatly enjoy it. We agree that the stories are your main attraction, but we like the articles too, especially the fashions. Please have more fashions and beauty tips. We are among the younger set and agree with Joan Hallford that the magazine isn't too old. Please don't divide it.

BARBARA MARX and JEAN SILBERFELD

### Decorating and Designing

RANDALLSTOWN, MARYLAND: I have taken your super magazine for five years and think it improves with every issue.

Please continue with your stories on various careers. I would especially appreciate it if you would publish something about in-

terior decorating, and I know many of your readers would like a story on dress designing. I know you have many requests for career stories, but there is no hurry, as I plan to subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for years to come.

I am thirteen years old and a former Scout of Troop 80.

PEGGY JEAN MORGAN

### More Career Articles

NEW OXFORD, PENNSYLVANIA: I enjoy your magazine very much and I sure like the stories of careers. Please have one on dietitians and one on home economics. I think your magazine is just tops.

GLORIA LUAN POTTER

### Horses!

SEA CLIFF, NEW YORK: I've been getting your magazine for three or four months and I like it, except that you don't have any stories about horses. Horses are my hobby and I like to read about them.

RUTH DANANCHER

### Greetings

MUSCOORIE V. P., INDIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since 1942. I enjoy it very much, especially now when I am so far away from America.

I was a Girl Scout in Bronxville, New York; now I am a Girl Guide in India, and just passed my Tenderfoot test. For the second-class test we have to know Morse Code, reading and sending. We learn about knots, tracking, signs, and lots of other things.

Greetings from a Guide in India to Scouts in America.

DAPHNE LEE WADE

### Reasonably Priced

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Three cheers for the August *AMERICAN GIRL*. It's really wonderful. I can't say enough about it. I'm glad it's grown up. *It's New!* and *Teen Shop Talk* are wonderful and informative.

How about more Pat Downing and Betty Lee stories? Bobo is good, but she's better since she's grown up. But golly, can't a ten-year-old spell better than that?

Your fashions were good for the first time in a long while. Most of your fashions are for high-school girls. I'm only twelve, so I can't use most of them. If you give more fashions for girls my age, make them nice but reasonably priced, please. Who can spend six dollars for a blouse? I'm sure some other girls will agree with me.

DAVICE ANN GREENBLATT

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

## The Goblins'll Get You

(Continued from page 25)

people, surely the evening before need not be so alarming. But in spite of the priests and the saints, people could not shake off their fear of the supernatural on Allhallow's Eve—or Hallowe'en, as it is now called.

Gradually however, as the centuries passed, the power of the old terrors waned and the feeling about Hallowe'en began to change. By the time it reached our country it was a gay holiday, though fragments of its ghostly nature still linger in the ways in which we mark the day.

Do you know what old-time superstitions are back of the masks and dress-up costumes donned at Hallowe'en? The evil spirits, of course, and the idea that they could be fooled by masks or clothes that wouldn't be recognized.

Where does the fortunetelling at which you'll probably have a whirl that evening come from? We probably owe this to the North of England, where Hallowe'en was called Nutcrack Night. Two nuts, one representing a young lady and the other her sweetheart, were placed side by side in the fire. If they behaved themselves and burned quietly together, a long, happy marriage was foretold. If they jumped away from each other, the nut that jumped first would break the engagement. If they burned brightly for only a short time, the marriage would be exciting but not last very long.

In the Scottish Hebrides, a certain salt cake was supposed to cause you to dream of your future husband. Perhaps some eager and trusting souls were fortunate enough to have happy dreams but from the description of what went into the cake—common meal and salt—it seems more likely to have brought dreams horrible enough to discourage matrimony forever.

Sweet cakes were made and distributed in North Shropshire, where the children who begged for them promised special intercession for the giver's soul as a reward for the gift, singing:

"Soul, soul for a soul cake!  
"Pray good missis, a soul cake!  
"Peter stands at yonder gate!  
"Waiting for a soul cake!"

The young children who knock at your door today, asking for fruit and cakes, have no idea that they are following the ancient custom of celebrating the harvest and interceding for your soul.

With all these old-time ceremonies and superstitions at your finger tips you should have no trouble in planning a party which will make your guests shiveringly aware of the supernatural origin of Hallowe'en. You might send out invitations in the shape of ghosts. Cut a pattern out of cardboard, trace the shape on white poster paper which you have folded in half, and being careful not to cut into the fold, snip out the figure. On the outside draw two black eyes, a black triangle for a nose, and a line for the mouth. Add the grim note, "Open at your own risk." On the inside give the time and place for the coming-together of witches and ghosts.

Naturally, spookiness will be the appropriate mood for the party. The more make-believe shivers you can produce, the more fun it will be. You might leave the front door slightly ajar, having already attached a length of cord to the inside knob. When

(Continued on page 29)

## TRUE OR FALSE?

Smart gals steer clear  
of "Gym" on those  
certain days!



**FALSE.** Smart gals *know* that mild exercise is O.K.! It helps to straighten out kinks and tune up the system.

You can be hep to *all* the "do's" and "don'ts" for those days—if you read "Growing Up and Liking It."

You'll really enjoy this bright, new,

illustrated booklet on the how and why of menstruation.

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# Speaking of MOVIES

by  
**TAMARA ANDREEVA**



**SISTER KENNY**—The screen biography of a great humanitarian who had to put aside romance to help humanity. Starting in Nurse Kenny's school in Australia in 1909, it goes through her work as "bush nurse" and pioneer, and on the battlefields of the first World War. Starring Rosalind Russell and Alexander Knox, "Sister Kenny" promises to present an inspiring story.

**BLACK BEAUTY**—Anna Sewell's romantic horse story now comes to the screen to pull at your heartstrings all over again. The colt, Black Beauty, adored by Anne Wendon (Mona Freeman) is sold while Anne is away at school and suffers many cruelties before Anne and Bill Dixon (Richard Denning) finally find him and bring him home to the pastures of Birtwick Farms.



**THE JOLSON STORY**—Larry Parks plays the true story of Al Jolson, idol of the silent and early sound pictures. Through the struggles, heartbreaks, and victories of his career, the growth of motion pictures as an industry can be seen. Evelyn Keyes plays the part of the musical comedy star whom Al Jolson marries. See it. You'll enjoy the music and the technicolor.

**GALLANT JOURNEY**—The story of John Montgomery, responsible for the first controlled winged flight in 1883. Everyone is suspicious of his experiments with gliders—even think him insane. A dramatic tale of perseverance and courage with Glenn Ford and Janet Blair in the leads. Well worth seeing—especially if you're interested in the early days of aviation.



★ Don't be too sorry for horses in the movies if you see them stumble, fall down, and make like dead before the cameras. They are trained to do that without hurting themselves. But many actors who take a tumble don't feel so hot the next day.

★ Five real iguanas (lizards to you) were used for "atmosphere" in RKO's **MR. FIX**, starring Pat O'Brien. They were a big headache for the prop men, for they kept shedding their tails and escaping unexpectedly.

★ Columbia cameramen have invented an ingenious device to stop the noise of crickets and frogs while shooting is in progress on the Columbia out-of-town ranch. It is a series of lights, with wigwags flashing on and off like those seen announcing the approach of a locomotive at railroad crossings.

★ Florence Bates, a character actress soon to be seen in a mystery drama, **THE HIGH WINDOW**, was a lawyer, a pianist, a lecturer, and a baker before she took up a movie career. Like Marie Dressler, success came to her after forty.

★ One of the weightiest pictures of the season will be 20th Century-Fox's **MY DARLING CLEMENTINE**, in which the average weight of the cowboy participants is two hundred pounds. Director John Ford says that this is the "biggest and heaviest aggregation of villainy he has ever assembled." The battle between the Clantons and the Earps, pictured, actually took place in Tombstone, Arizona on October 26, 1881.

★ Fox's director Seiler tried to induce Perry Como's music makers to look alive before the cameras. No amount of persuasion could make the boys throw off the dead-pan mask all were wearing. Finally Como pitched in, in the musicians' lingo. "You're not on the beat, boys," he explained patiently. "You've been thinking Como's a square, and you latch that he's reet. You're sent solid, see, and give out. Slip the lip and loose the juice. Now make me know it!" They did.

★ Character actor Charles Arnt has been called the "seeing-eye man" because he has had a special harness built for his blind cocker spaniel. With it, Arnt guides his dog on daily walks.

★ Clare Foley, eight year old player in Warner Brothers' **JANIE GETS MARRIED**, is a tenderfoot Girl Scout in Troop 19, Santa Monica, California.

★ In the RKO cafeteria, Loretta Young always orders the same sandwich—sliced avocado, tomato, and melted cheese on toast. The waitresses know it, and their order to the kitchen sounds rather startling: "Loretta Young on toast!"

THE END



## The Goblins'll Get You

(Continued from page 27)

a guest knocks, the door is opened by invisible hands. Of course, you are pulling it open, but you can't be seen. The guests enter a dim room, lighted by an eerie blue bulb. They are greeted by moans and wails and clanking chains, as two ghosts float out of a closet to touch them with rubber gloves filled with ice. A jack-o'-lantern or two grin from corners, and ghosts (made by draping sheets over coat hangers attached to broom handles) flutter from the walls.

Bobbing for apples and Hallowe'en go together like apple pie and cheese. Here's a good variation on the old game. Before you put the apples in the tub of water, slit each one near the core and insert a paper on which is written in crayon—which won't blur when wet—the name of one of your girl guests. Then have each boy, hands tied behind him, bob for his partner for the Hallowe'en treasure hunt to follow.

Decide in advance on a definite length of time to be spent on the hunt—twenty minutes to half an hour. Your scavengers must find what you have hidden, or as much as they can, in that time. In odd corners, in closets, and in overshoes you have hidden such things as a pack of cards, a skull and crossbones, large walnuts, a wicked-looking black cat, a witch's broomstick, odd toys and favors. The couple who find the most treasures will be crowned Druid priest and priestess, and act as master and mistress of ceremonies for the rest of the evening.

The crowns of black and orange—Hallowe'en colors standing for the rich, black earth and the orange harvest of squash and pumpkin—will be placed on their brows. Impress on them that they are to have the honor of bringing light and fire into the world to banish the evil spirits. They will then kindle the already-prepared open fire. If you don't have a fireplace, have each light a candle in the jack-o'-lantern to be used in the next game.

By this time you'll be glad of a breathing space, so you'll find this the right moment to start the fortunetelling without which Hallowe'en is not complete. A friend who is clever at card fortunes might begin with them. In the meantime, adorned with a witch's tall hat, seat yourself behind a saucepan caldron and stir the pot gently. Invite your guests one by one to reach into the pot for their fortunes, which they will find on folded pieces of paper. When they cannot read the invisible message, pick up the paper, and murmuring incantations, hold it over the jack-o'-lantern already lighted by the Druids. Suddenly the message shows up clearly. Of course, you have written out these messages beforehand in milk or lemon juice, which cannot be seen until brought out by the heat of the candle.

You will probably add other games of your own. Have a grand and glorious time, and as you share in the fun, you'll know that this very evening Hallowe'en is being celebrated in England, Scotland, Wales, in certain parts of France where the Celtic influence is still strong, in Ireland, and on the Isle of Man. You will be one with the people of those far-flung lands in following the old customs. Bad spirits of any age deserve to be whisked away, so let your Hallowe'en party banish the doldrums, and call out the spirits of good will and good fun.

THE END

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# TEEN SHOP talk

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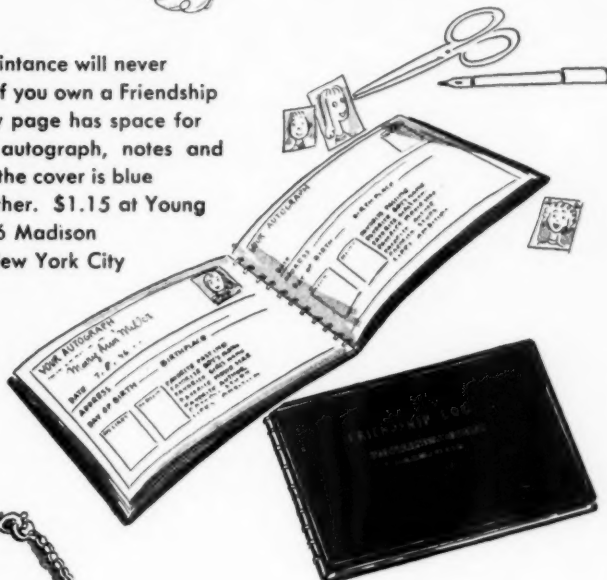
by TONI LAWRENCE



## TEEN SHOP talk

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# ALL OVER THE MAP



## Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **When the Wing Scouts** of Region VII were invited to attend an Air Scout Flight of Honor ceremony not long ago, forty-three of them—gathered from ten flights—accepted with pleasure and had the time of their lives. Two big Army busses took the girls from Detroit to Selfridge Field, where the fun began with a tour of the Army airport and a trial run for each visitor in a link trainer. Next, the girls met their Boy Scout hosts, and in no time at all everyone was paired off for a delicious picnic on the waterfront. After that came get-acquainted games, movies, and finally the formal dance and the ceremony at which the Air Scouts received their certificates. At the end, the Wing Scouts sang "Taps," the boys returned with "Good Night, Ladies," and everyone hoped the occasion would be repeated soon.

• **How are your plans** coming along for Girl Scout Week? Are your special days all planned? If not, you may be interested in holding some sort of ceremony or party for your Leader this year. Many other Girl Scouts are carrying out this idea, and they find that picking an occasion to show their appreciation for all the work she does for them is lots of fun and not hard at all. On Homemaking Day, for instance, certain troops are turning homemaking celebrations into little surprise parties for their Leaders, while other troops have worked out simple ceremonies of appreciation for Girl Scout Sunday and Citizenship Day. A copy of the new "Book of Ceremonies for Girl Scouts," which your local headquarters should have soon, may give you further inspiration. And speaking of books, a new one about Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts, by Mildred Mastin Pace, is to be published by Scribner's in the spring. Watch for it—it will make good reading for anyone who loves Scouting.

• **At least one group** of New York Girl Scouts has already done some Christmas shopping! Their games, toys, and Christmas trees—ornaments and all—made a gay corner on the liner *John Ericsson* which recently sailed for Europe. Also aboard the *Ericsson* were three adult Girl Scout trainers bound for Scout work in displaced-person camps in Germany, and when Christmas morning dawns over those dreary camps, the representatives will distribute gifts to toy-hungry children with the best wishes of these internationally minded Scouts.

• **More gifts of appreciation** from the foreign countries to which Girl Scouts have sent aid are being added to those already on display at National Headquarters in New York. Latest arrivals include a

group of dolls from Greece, made and beautifully dressed in native costume by Greek Girl Guides. Another present, so precious that it traveled to this country by air on the lap of Mr. G. J. Hauser, Professor of Mechanical Technology at a Czechoslovakian university, is a beautiful glass vase inscribed with a message of thanks from the Czechoslovakian to the American Girl Scouts.

• **In Pensacola, Florida**, Girl Scouts of Troop 1 recently made a big contribution to their community's life. To relieve a busy adult group, these active young citizens took a census of the preschool children in their area, to help the planning commission of the Board of Education estimate school needs for the next few years. The commission reports that the girls turned in a thoroughly satisfactory job.

• **The dream of most Girl Scouts**—a year-round camp—has come true for Scouts of Richland, Washington. Through the generosity of the local Kiwanis Club, an Army shelter, including a stove for heating, coal, and woodpiles, has been provided, and monthly overnight trips—winter or summer—are now possible for Troop 12. The girls themselves decorated and furnished the shelter. They made curtains from flour sacks, dyeing them with natural berry juices; bookcases from fruit boxes; and stools from nail kegs. Drinking water must be carried by the girls on each trip, but such trifles mean nothing to them!

• **Did you know that some Girl Scouts** were among the very first young people to be televised? In an early broadcast, given to show parents what equipment their daughters would need for camp, Scouts took the actors' roles; and one of them, Betty Breedon (whose likeness you've seen on the Girl Scout War Bond poster) distinguished herself by ad-libbing when the script ran short. Since then, more and more Scouts are visiting television studios, inspecting equipment and asking questions. Members of community-service minded Troop 2-88 of Bay Ridge, New York, shown above, jumped at the chance to inspect the brand-new television studios in Wanamaker's department store in New York City, and the trip so aroused their interest that they plan to make a troop activity of attending television broadcasts in Radio City.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

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Photos by  
William D. Barkley



# It's a *Dog's Life*

by **MARGARET D. BISHOP**

*Dog Owners' Training Club of  
Maryland, Inc.*

**Show us the Girl Scout who won't be  
thrilled with this new troop project**

**L**ET'S say you are the proud possessor of a pup named Spot. He likes *you*, and you think the world of *him*. You like to take long walks with him, or to curl up in the big blue living-room chair and read while he sleeps on your lap. You like to slip him scraps of food from your plate, or show your friends how he can sit up and shake hands.

But wouldn't it be nice if he would come the instant you call him, instead of dashing madly ahead of you in front of that car? Or if you could make him lie down on the floor and stay there when guests drop in for tea? Wouldn't you like to keep Spot quietly by your side instead of having him welcome your father with wet, muddy paws? And best of all, wouldn't it be fun to show your friends Spot's American Kennel Club certificate for dog obedience training? If you're a Girl Scout, you can now undertake to accomplish all this as a troop project.

The idea of dog obedience training as a Scout activity was born in Baltimore, Maryland just one year ago, when Mrs. J. Hollis Albert, a troop Leader, began to wonder why Girl Scouts couldn't train their dogs—not to do circus tricks, but to be obedient and well-behaved companions. A little investigation showed that there was no reason at all why Scout-age girls couldn't do the work capably and well. So with permission from Girl Scout

National Headquarters to experiment with this activity, with members of troop 147 to serve as guinea pigs, and with two assistant dog trainers, the new project was promptly launched.

There were only six girls and their dogs in the first class, but what it lacked in size it more than made up for by hard work, interest, and determination. Every Tuesday evening the Scouts met in the large gymnasium of the Gilman Country Day School and worked with their dogs for an hour. There were the two black cockers—Honey and Muffin. There was Wrinkles, the beagle, who liked to talk back to her mistress and tell her what she thought about it all. There was Jiggs, the boxer puppy; Spot, the Dalmatian; and Percy, a brindle bulldog, the clown of the class. Six distinct canine personalities, whose efforts made the experimental class such a success that National Girl Scout Headquarters approved obedience training as a regular project for Intermediate and Senior Scouts throughout the country, and the American Kennel Club authorized licensed trainers to award special Girl Scout certificates to qualified handlers.

We'll presume, then, that your troop decides to follow in the footsteps of Troop 147, of Baltimore, and that with your Leader's help you find a qualified training director, and start in. You'll soon dis-

cover that training your dogs is not only lots of fun—it's important and practical work, too. After all, a dog is a member of a civilized community, where good behavior and manners are important for everyone's comfort, safety, and well-being. And certainly it's up to you to make him the pride of the neighborhood, instead of the pest.

Before you progress very far you will learn that obedience training is divided into three steps. Of these, the first is called "Novice Work," and it is with this basic stage of dog education that you'll be concerned at the start. Dogs who have completed, and qualified in, obedience tests in Novice Classes at American Kennel Club licensed dog shows receive the title of "Companion Dog." The work included in this first stage of training consists of three main exercises—"heeling," "staying," and "coming."

A dog is "heeling" when he is walking at your left side, his shoulder on a line with your knee. Whether you run, walk slowly, turn to the right or left, he still stays by that left leg. A dog is trained to "stay" when he remains in one position when told—even if a cat runs in front of him. And a dog is trained to "come" when he will gallop or trot toward you immediately upon command, sit squarely in front of you, and finally go to heel when told.

First, in order to train your dog you



Top right picture illustrates correct and incorrect method of signaling dog to lie down. Scout with boxer has allowed hand to fall below her dog's shoulder, so signal means nothing. But Dalmatian's handler has kept her hand high so that if dog had not dropped correctly she would have been in a position to push him down

Center picture shows the correct and incorrect way to heel your dog on a leash. Boxer is heeling well, with leash loose. Should he get out of position, handler can bring him back with an uncomfortable little jerk made with her left hand. Scout with Dalmatian is using too tight a leash. Dog is actually pulling her along

In the bottom picture, Honey and Muffin—the two black cocker spaniels—have come when called and now sit squarely before their handlers, ready for a "down." All the dogs in these pictures were trained by Girl Scouts of Troop 147 of Baltimore. Girls and dogs attended obedience classes one hour a week, practised exercises at home for short periods every day

must know him and constantly study his personality. Is he easily excited, nervous, and restless? Or is he lazy, slow, and shy? Is he sensitive to just one harsh word, or does it take more severe measures to impress him? You must remember that he differs from you in his senses of smell, hearing, and sight. His nose is so much keener than yours that it cannot be compared. Likewise, his hearing is much more acute, and he can hear sounds too faint to reach your ears. A dog's sight is not as good as yours, because he lacks a focus, but he is quick to see movement, even the slightest bit.

Above all, you must remember that a dog is the only animal who is willing to work for you just because he wants to please you, or have your praise.

With the above facts in mind you are ready to consider your dog training equipment. Most important of all your tools is your voice, for it is your voice—its tone and quality—which will, in the end, control your dog. An empty, insincere tone will get no response at all from your dog. Therefore, when you praise your dog your voice must show that you really mean it. Your voice must have variety, too. For instance, there is the scolding tone, the gentle but firm tone, and the pleased tone. Just by the use of your voice, you can send your dog into a state of joy and happiness, or utter depression.

(Continued on page 47)



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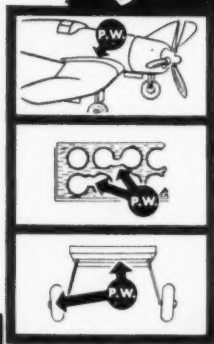
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## Mascot for Tony

(Continued from page 7)

the cause of freedom at sixteen. Already their branch out here in the country had pulled off a couple of pretty good tricks against the Machadistas. Old Navarro (he had named the district captain of Machado's rural guard) would give his right eye to lay his hands on any of their group, but they were too smart for the old boy. They had a good meeting place too, and it wasn't likely Navarro would ever discover it. Linda couldn't understand how Tony felt because after all, she was only half Cuban.

They had grown more and more violent, hurling insults back and forth, and finally Linda had ridden off alone. Tony had not come near the Bennetts for the rest of the vacation. Angry and worried, Linda had spent her time in lonely rides and swims.

Understanding and sympathizing with Tony's great love for the beautiful island of his birth, she knew that no risk would be too great, no influence strong enough, to swerve him from any line of action he believed would help to rid his country of a man he considered a tyrant who tortured and killed any man who opposed him. Now she would have liked to be friends again, A.B.C. or no A.B.C., but her stubborn pride kept her from making any overtures.

It was evident that the black-and-white dog was bored with the girl's preoccupation. He barked to attract her attention and rubbed his cold, moist nose against her hand.

They walked through the orange grove to the packing sheds. Pup's high spirits were somewhat tempered now, and he padded decorously at Linda's side. Though the packing season was long since passed, old Juan Castillo was putting around in the sheds. He had known Linda all her life, and came out now to greet her. Pup was doubtful of this shabby, dark-skinned man. As he came toward the girl the dog growled softly.

"It's all right, Pup," Linda said. "He's a friend. It's good to see you, Juan."

"Ay, Senorita Linda! Bless a kindly heaven which brings you back to us again in all your beauty," he declaimed.

Linda smiled at his old-fashioned, flowery Spanish. "What's new, Juan?" she inquired.

"Ay, *niñita*, what barbarity could happen here in the peaceful country?" The old man shrugged. Then he leaned closer, almost whispering. "They say that there is a chapter of the A.B.C. here in the village, and doing good work, too, right under the nose of El Capitan Navarro." He chuckled. "They drive that old one crazy. He was after Pepe Morales, but the A.B.C. was too smart for him and smuggled Morales out to the States. He's vowing vengeance, is the captain."

Linda felt a chill of foreboding creep over her. Why, oh, why did Tony have to be mixed up in this dangerous business? Ernesto Navarro had hated de Cardenas ever since that young man had given the captain a terrific beating in the tennis matches at the club on the *Veinte de Mayo*, the Cuban Independence Day, two years ago. Nothing would please the mean, pompous official more, she knew, than to catch the boy red-handed in this A.B.C. affair. She remembered that, when they had arrested young Ramoncito Alvarez, he had not lived to reach jail. Under Machado an old Spanish law—the fugitive law, they called it—had been revived. More than one college student had

been shot in the back under the pretense that he had been trying to escape. It was horrible to think of Tony falling into Navarro's power.

"I think I'll go for a ride, Juan," she said abruptly. "Will you saddle Lassie, please?"

Pup had adopted Linda with such fervor that he could not bear to have her out of his sight, so she asked Juan to shut him up while she went for her ride. But his misery at being left behind was so abject that kindhearted Juan, when Linda had been gone about half an hour, set the dog free. He dashed out of the shed, skidding down the road, pebbles rattling and dust rising behind flying feet.

LINDA BENNETT enjoyed a great deal more freedom than young Cuban girls of her class usually were permitted. Her Cuban mother had been educated in the States, and her broad and tolerant outlook was in complete agreement with her American husband's. Linda was accustomed to ride alone about the country around the Bennetts' hacienda. The country folk called her the *Americanita* and accepted her independence with smiles and headshakings. This afternoon she cut through the orange grove and came out on the narrow path that crossed to Blanquezar. Sharp green spines of cactus bordered the path and hibiscus flowers flaunted their pink, white, and deep crimson. Small green birds darted swiftly about their business. Above, in the deep, unbroken blue of the sky, two black vultures slowly wheeled and floated. Now and then, she passed a *bohio*, the palm-thatched shack of the *guajiro*, or countryman, and the little breeze that flapped her wide green hat brought her the rich smell of the fertile red earth.

She felt very peaceful, riding through the familiar lovely country. Vaguely she became aware of the soft pad of feet behind her. She glanced around and snapped wide-awake in astonishment. There was Pup, tongue lolling, speeding like a black-and-white streak to overtake her. Lassie, distrusting this hurtling object, pranced skittishly. Linda reined in.

"How in the world did you get here, Pup?"

He flung himself down and lay, sides heaving, in the red dirt of the pathway, utterly content now that he had found her. Linda debated what to do about him. "I don't suppose it will hurt him to come along with us," she thought. "Lassie and I aren't setting any speed records, and Dalmatians used to be called coach dogs because they ran with the carriages."

When Pup had rested awhile, they began the ascent of Blanquezar. Lassie was inclined to shy away from this strange companion, but she finally accepted him on probation. Linda was glad of his company.

"You're a grand substitute for Tony," she told him with a grin.

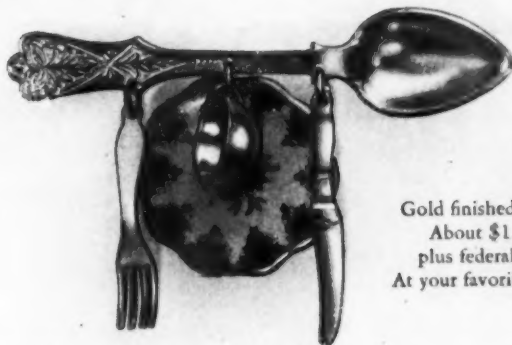
At the top of the hill she dismounted and tied Lassie to a frambóyan tree which had long ago shed its flaming blossoms. The dog went off exploring, as the girl was entirely absorbed in the view.

The setting sun was filling the valley with a rosy glow when Linda rose and called to Pup. There was no answer. Calling again, she began to be alarmed. He had given such prompt obedience earlier that she feared something had happened to him. Leaving Lassie tied to the tree, she walked about in a wide circle, calling the dog with a mounting sense of uneasiness. At the outermost swing of her circle around the wide plateau on which she had been sitting, she heard a faint, muffled barking.

(Continued on page 39)

## The American Girl

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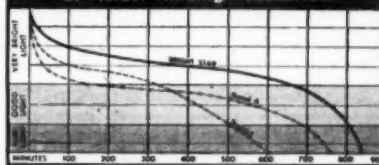
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# TURNTABLE TIPS



by CARL BOSLER

## RECOMMENDED RECORDS

### Popular

**King Cole Trio, Volume Two . . . Capitol Album (BD-29) . . .** The three versatile jazzmen reach a new high in this series of records which forms one of the best of recent jazz albums. The eight numbers in the set are played with impeccable artistry and the Trio captures the mood and feeling of each perfectly.

**Your Conscience Tells You So . . . Pig Foot Pete . . . Ella Mae Morse and Freddie Slack . . . Capitol (278) . . .** Sung by Miss Morse in her earthy style, with Freddie at the piano, the first side is an excellent blues number. The reverse is a bright, eight-beat tune featuring Freddie's boogie-woogie pianistics and another torrid vocal by Ella Mae. There's solid guitar playing on both sides.

**Which Way Did My Heart Go . . . Adventure . . . Teddy Walters . . . Musicraft (15075) . . .** Not only is Teddy ranked among the top balladeers, but he has the added distinction of being an accomplished guitarist. On both sides of this record the young baritone sings and plays artistically, capably backed by Mannie Klein and the orchestra.

**I Live But To Love You . . . My Melancholy Baby . . . Ginny Simms . . . ARA (146) . . .** The first is a pretty tune based on a theme from Cesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor. It is done with excellent taste, which is the important factor in the controversy over popularizing the classics. Ginny's singing is accompanied flawlessly by subtle arrangements of Lou Bring and his orchestra.

**I'd Be Lost Without You . . . Cynthia's In Love . . . Frankie Carle and his orchestra . . . Columbia (36994) . . .** Frankie presents two new songs featuring his attractive daughter, Marjorie Hughes, on the vocals. Frankie's fine piano style, nicely balanced by precise orchestral backgrounds, and Marjorie's full, rich voice, make for pleasant listening.

**I Don't Know Enough About You . . . Blue Skies . . . Benny Goodman and his orchestra . . . Columbia (37053) . . .** The new Goodman orchestra is heard in top form on this special release. The first is a lazy, provocative tune which is a natural for a Goodman interpretation, with a smooth job by Art Lund on the vocal. "Blue Skies" is given an easy and relaxed treatment, with Art featured in two choruses. However, his attempts at improvising in the vocals sound studied and forced in spots, with the result that there is little feeling of spontaneity. As

a whole this version of "Blue Skies" isn't quite up to Goodman's earlier recording.

**Somewhere In the Night . . . This Is Always . . . Betty Rhodes . . . Victor (20-1885) . . .** Both tunes spotlight Betty's warm, husky voice and the effortless charm of her singing style. The lush strings of Russ Case's orchestra point up the appeal of Betty's interpretations and are tops in musical settings.

**That Old Black Magic . . . Liebestraum . . . Spike Jones and his City Slickers . . . Victor (20-1895) . . .** After a short, "conventional" introduction and a blatantly forthright trombone cadenza, Spike's sound effects run riot and "Black Magic" has its romantic appeal somewhat curbed. Carl Grayson makes a valiant attempt at the lyrics against all odds. "Liebestraum" receives equally rough treatment from these mad musical satirists, whose unpredictable antics are delightful.

**The Gypsy . . . Laughing On the Outside . . . Dinah Shore . . . Columbia (36964) . . .** In her intimate, wistful style, Dinah does a perfect job of these ballads. Her distinctive interpretations are colorfully framed by Sonny Burke and the orchestra.

### Classical

**Randall Thompson: "The Testament of Freedom,"** played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky and sung by the Harvard Glee Club. Victor Album (DM-1054). This setting of four passages from the writings of Thomas Jefferson is a work in four movements for men's chorus and orchestra. Some idea of the text, which is included in its entirety in the album, may be gathered from the subtitles of the four movements: "The God Who Gave Us Life Gave Us Liberty At the Same Time," "We Have Counted the Cost of This Contest," "We Fight Not For Glory Or For Conquest," and "I Shall Not Die Without a Hope That Light and Liberty Are On Steady Advance." As a whole, the composition is written in a conservative musical idiom which is particularly notable for its simplicity, sincerity, and directness. Mr. Thompson is unquestionably one of our foremost composers of choral music. His rhythmic treatment of English prose, combined with his broad and expressive melodic line, has resulted in a fine choral setting; in fact, with "The Testament of Freedom" he has created a work which stands far above most other undertakings of similar nature yet produced in America.

THE END

## Mascot for Tony

(Continued from page 37)

"Where are you, Pup?" she shouted.

The barking came again, distant and muffled.

"Pup, where are you?" she called again, and his answering bark seemed to come from beneath the roots of a great ceiba tree that grew on the edge of the level stretch.

Feeling slightly foolish, Linda got down on her knees to search through the underbrush. Then she saw the wide hole that slanted down between the roots of the old tree. Bending closer to peer into the blackness, she could see nothing, but she could hear Pup whining down there below. She remembered the small flashlight she always carried in the pocket of her saddle. It took only a moment to get it.

She did not relish the idea of sticking her arm down the hole, for she had a feeling that there might be snakes or iguanas lurking about. Forcing herself to lie flat on the ground, with her face pressed against the opening, she plunged her arm in as far as she could and turned on the flash. She was looking down into a narrow, dark cavern. Pup was dashing about on the mud floor.

"He must have chased something into that hole," Linda thought, "and fallen into the cave. It's a wonder he didn't break a leg." She flashed her light around. "No other opening, that I can see. Now what am I to do?"

She got up and walked over to the edge of the plateau. The floor of the cave must be somewhere just below the brow of the hill. If she could get down there, she might be able to find another opening. But there was no path, and the going was steep and rough. Digging her heels into the soft earth, clinging to rocks and bushes, she slid, almost on her back, inch by inch down the side of the hill. To her surprise, when she had let herself down only a few yards, her feet struck solid earth and, raising herself upright cautiously, she found she was standing on a narrow, well-trodden path that ran like a ledge across the mountain. She followed the path, stepping carefully, for it was very narrow, and just beneath the ceiba tree she saw the thin, black line of an opening.

Squeezing through, she entered a high, wide cave. There was a dank, earthy smell about the place and the sound of water dripping. It felt cold and clammy after the warm sunshine she had just left. Fanning the musty air against her face, a bat, disturbed by her entrance and the moving beam of her flashlight, swooped above her head.

Linda moved forward slowly over the hard-packed mud floor which slanted uphill from the entrance, flashing her light nervously all around her. She saw no sign of Pup, but his whines came from behind the far wall, which seemed to be marked off in blocks. Drawing nearer, she realized that it was made of packing cases piled one on top of the other. The cave must be shaped something like a peanut, she thought, and across the narrow waist someone had piled the cases, cutting off the smaller space beyond. It must be well blocked off indeed—Linda knew the dog would have wriggled through if there had been any sort of opening.

"How in the world will I ever get you out, Pup?" she demanded. He barked and whined, and Linda could hear him running back and forth on the other side.

The American Girl

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**EXTRA PROFITS**—with Religious, Christmas Humorous, "Pen-a-Line" Correspondence Notes, Everyday Assortments and Wrappings. Write today for **SAMPLES ON APPROVAL.**

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She poked about, but the packing-case wall was dismayingly solid. Over at the left, however, where the boxes came up against the side wall, the earth was damp and soft. If she only had something with which to dig, she might be able to make a small hole through which Pup could squeeze. Playing her light carefully over the floor, she pounced on a narrow, pointed stone and began to dig.

"Here, Pup," she called. "Come and dig."

She heard him patter over, heard him sniffing at the damp earth, and then there was the unmistakable sound of dirt being flung back by a dog's fast-moving paws. It's like the tunnels we used to dig in the sand at the beach, Linda thought, and wondered if she and Pup would be lucky enough to meet. She dug as fast as she could and by the sound, Pup was doing the same. From time to time Linda called encouragement to him, and he answered by short barks and growls. Suddenly, her furiously driven stone met with no resistance. She had broken through! Redoubling her efforts, she soon widened the hole enough for Pup, flat on his belly, to inch through. He flung himself on Linda in a frenzy of delight, and to her surprise, she found herself almost as happy to be reunited with him.

When Pup's ecstasies had subsided somewhat, they set off, weary and dirty, for home. Linda rode along thoughtfully, letting Lassie pick her own way. After a long time, she spoke to the dog.

"If that cave is what I think it is, and those packing boxes contain what I think they do," she told him soberly, "we have discovered the meeting place of the A.B.C., and Tony de Cardenas is in terrible danger."

(To be concluded)

## A Case of Heart Trouble

(Continued from page 15)

tics and Steve, and started to rewrite an item about the school play for the paper.

The days crept until Wednesday. Jenny had a brand-new pale green sweater she had saved for the occasion, and on Monday she found a scarf that exactly matched.

Tuesday she came to the "Journal" office with her nails done and had to type very carefully so as not to spoil them. At a quarter to five that afternoon Letitia called her. Jenny went over to her desk and asked what she wanted.

"Why the list, of course. You said you'd have it ready for me by yesterday."

Jenny gulped. Something very close to panic seized her. List? She vaguely remembered something, but she couldn't get her mind to tell her what it was.

Letitia looked at Jenny's pale face. "Jennifer Jamison!" she said, loudly enough for Mr. Walters to hear. "Don't tell me you haven't finished that list!"

Jenny's heart was beating so fast she could hardly get her voice out of her throat. "I haven't even begun it," she managed to stammer. "In fact, I don't know what list you mean."

Everyone had stopped typing, and the office was very still. Letitia was obviously enjoying this. "It was a little less than a month ago," she began in a pseudosweet voice, "that I said I wanted a list of every prominent clubwoman in Cedarville. I said it would mean going through each and every envelope in the files and picking out the names. I said it would be a big job, and



asked if you'd need any help to finish it before yesterday. You said no, that of course you could do it."

Jenny blushed at the last. She was always willing to tackle a job that anyone said was difficult, and until now she had always managed. But this! She had forgotten about it—completely forgotten about it until this very minute! Darn Letitia! Not once during the entire month had she reminded her. Not once until today, the day *after* it was supposed to be done, just before closing.

Letitia's voice wasn't sweet any more. "Our special women's supplement *ruined* because you forgot! Do you realize how much advertising is involved?" Then she said to no one in particular, "This part-time help never works out." And she started toward Mr. Walters' room.

"Wait a minute, Letitia," Jenny begged. "I'll do it right away!"

Letitia laughed, and it was the meanest sounding laugh Jenny had ever heard. "Oh! Can the wonder girl do a month's work in half a day tomorrow?"

Danny growled. "Cut it, Letitia," and Tom grunted his disapproval. Jenny, blinking back tears and holding her voice steady with an effort, said, "Look, Letitia—there's no school tomorrow. If I work tonight and all day tomorrow, I'll have it ready for you."

"What do you mean, 'all day tomorrow'?" Letitia's voice was sarcastic. "Don't you have any other work to do in this office?"

"Not tomorrow, I don't," Jenny retorted. "Mr. Walters gave me the day off." Visions of the picnic passed before her. "I'll be able to work on it all day."

"Give her a break, Letitia," Tom said. Charlie, Carl, and Danny all joined in and Letitia went back to her desk. "All right," she said, "but I've got to have it by tomorrow night if the supplement's to go through."

Jenny's head buzzed. How could she have forgotten? Meeting Steve certainly had changed her. Would she be able to finish if she worked tonight and all day tomorrow? Maybe she ought to get her brother Bob to help her? No, she couldn't. He and Helen were looking forward to the picnic, too; and besides, someone would have to celebrate Steve's birthday with him. What a mess!

Jenny picked up the phone and made two calls. One was to her mother, to say that she had some extra work to do and wouldn't be home for dinner. The other was to Steve, to say that something had come up unexpectedly, that she was miserable about it, but she wouldn't be able to make the picnic nor anything else tomorrow. She didn't dare tell him it was all due to her own forgetfulness.

Steve didn't sound very surprised. He said yes, he understood how it was when you had a job, and he guessed he'd see Jenny around if she had the time.

Jenny was very blue, but she felt a little angry, too, when she hung up. Sure he was disappointed, but so was she! It wasn't as though she had broken the date to go to a dance or something! She rolled up her sleeves and attacked the files with determination.

There were twenty-two large drawers in the steel filing cabinet that made up the morgue at the Cedarville "Journal." Each drawer held about five hundred envelopes. Jenny started at "A" and went through every single envelope, pulling out those that had a "Mrs." or a "Miss" in parenthesis after the name. She glanced through the clippings inside the envelope to determine whether the woman was a "prominent club member," left

(Continued on page 43)



## The case of the obliging scarecrow!

This very obliging scarecrow made one person with a camera mighty happy—

For it proved once again that bright, interesting picture subjects are all around you.

Be on the lookout for picture possibilities in familiar, everyday surroundings. It may be a beautiful landscape less than a mile from your door, or some unusual "prop" such as the scarecrow in this picture.

When you find an interesting picture subject, be sure of getting it. Use "wide-latitude" Ansco film. For picture taking is really a cinch when you rely on Ansco film.

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# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

**Knit Knack:** Here's a neat, new, and special knitting kit that gives you illustrated instructions—plus materials—for making stuffed figures like puppies, rabbits, mules. Gay-colored cotton yarns, cellophane stuffing, and trimmings are included. Add a pair of knitting needles and some spare time, and you're all set to provide a lot of fun for young friends and relations. Christmas is coming, remember, and these animals make good presents.



**Pressing Business:** You who spend a lot of time over the ironing board will be interested in this special paper that eliminates sponges and damp cloths for pressing all types of clothes. Just put it on a wrinkled garment, press with a medium iron, and you'll not only get the job done more quickly and simply, but there'll be no annoying linting and streaking. Handled with care, each press-paper sheet is said to be good for lots of pressings.

**Miss Fixit:** With the help of a new liquid that works wonders with tipsy tables, loose chair legs, broken knife handles, garden rakes, and the like, you'll earn quite a reputation as a handy girl to have around the house. Just dab some of this miracle fluid on rungs and handles, and it swells the wood fibers so the pieces fit securely into their sockets.



**Always Together:** If you're one of those numerous people whose handbags are so crowded that it's always a struggle to round up the makings for make-up, you'll welcome this very inexpensive clip-on mirror. It's designed to attach neatly to your lipstick, and keeps the two together for convenient use. Mirror surface is 1 1/2" by 3/4", which gives you a good viewpoint.

**Super Cleaner:** Here's something definitely versatile in the way of a home dry cleaner. The claims for this new fluid are that it not only does a professional job of cleaning on everything from heavy tweeds to delicate negligees, but that it also leaves a fresh, sweet odor, makes the fabric water repellent, wrinkle- and wilt-resistant—and stain-resistant, even to perspiration. The manufacturers say that once you've cleaned a garment with the fluid, stains can be scraped off gently, since they can't penetrate the surface.



**On the Air:** Ever feel the urge to know how you might sound over the air waves? You can satisfy it now with a new home-entertainment radio microphone. Complete with cord and push-button switch for cutting in and out, this mike attaches to any radio set without extra wiring. Unlimited fun for parties.

**Rest Easy:** Here's a nice, comfortable ingenuity—an inflatable, plastic pillow that you can use on auto, train, and bus trips—at football games, and on camping trips next summer. It folds into the size of a pack of matches, can be blown up like a toy balloon to a size of 10" by 13"—and holds up under 250 pounds of pressure.



**Skidless Tubs:** Maybe you've never taken a tumble in the bathtub yourself, but you've probably heard the statistics on how many home accidents trace back to just such involuntary swan dives. Now, there's a little safety item on the market just a few shakes of which produce a nonskid film on the bathtub bottom.

If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## A Case of Heart Trouble

(Continued from page 41)

the envelope out if she were, or put it back if she weren't, and then went on to the next one. Five hundred times twenty-two were so many envelopes!

Wednesday was a beautiful day, but not for Jenny. She jumped up when her alarm went off at five thirty, dressed, woke Bob and begged him to do what he could to give Steve a nice day, made him promise not to tell why she had to work, and left for the office with a dull ache in her heart.

At four thirty a very tired Jenny handed Letitia the list. But her heart still ached.

Even when Bob came home that night and said, "Gee, Jenny, it seems to me that Steve thinks a lot of my kid sister. He was polite enough, but I don't think the picnic meant very much to him without you," the feeling still persisted.

Nor did it go away even after she saw Steve at school the next day. In fact, it got worse. Steve was coolly indifferent. When she asked him about the picnic he said it was nice, and changed the subject quickly. And he didn't ask her to meet him after Chemistry, the way he always did.

The world looked pretty black to Jenny, and even the Cedarville "Journal" didn't help much. But there was still an almost bright spot in the future. The Senior Class spring hop. Steve hadn't asked her to go, but neither had he asked anyone else, Jenny knew. Maybe if she looked her prettiest and the music was right, he'd realize what a small thing he'd been angry about.

It wasn't much to pin her hopes on, but Jenny pinned them with all her might. She kept trying different ways to fix her hair, and changing her mind about her dress.

Two other boys asked her to go to the dance with them, but she said she wasn't sure she was going to be able to make it.

"That's a white lie," she thought to herself, "but if Steve's going stag, so am I."

This was the first school dance she had ever attended without an escort, but it was the one for which she spent the most time preparing. On the night of the hop, after rushing with her dressing as though she had a train to catch, Jenny walked slowly toward the school. Her hair was braided in a halo. It had taken a lot of brushing and Mom's help to get it up, but Bob's whistle told her it was worth it. Her dress was yellow, with an off-the-shoulder, ruffled neckline. It was very becoming and Jenny loved it.

As she walked, she kept asking herself questions. How should she act toward Steve—casually, the way she had been acting since the day after the picnic, or more friendly? What should she say when he asked her to dance? What if he didn't ask her?

She was so intent on these questions that at first she didn't hear the "meow." It was so feeble that she wasn't sure what it was when she finally did hear it. It came from some place near the schoolyard gate, and after a brief search she found a beautiful tiger kitten, with its little front paw so bloody that Jenny felt sick just looking at it.

She lifted him carefully, and noticed that he was wearing a thin leather collar.

"Poor kitten," she murmured. "Poor, poor little kitty! You belong to someone, and you're hurt." She turned away from the

school and started in the direction of Doc Slater, the vet. Then she stopped. What if this took her so long that Steve wasn't there when she got back? Oh, dear, why was everything happening to her now?

She ran as quickly as she could, holding the kitten securely, despite the blood that stained her dress.

Doc Slater wasn't in when she reached his office, but there was a note on the door saying he would be back at nine. She looked at her watch and saw that it was eight thirty. She thought about just putting the kitten down, but the poor little thing looked almost dead. She simply couldn't leave it. So she waited, wondering what else could happen.

The kitten meowed so piteously that Jenny didn't have the heart to feel sorry for herself. She just kept hoping Doc Slater would hurry. At five after nine his car came into the driveway, and in a few minutes the kitten was in his large, gentle hands.

Doc recognized the kitten, and after he took care of the leg, which was broken, he called its owners. He said he was sure they'd want to give Jenny a reward, but she said never mind, and started back toward school. Her dress was stained and her hairdo wasn't any the better for her hurrying. But she didn't care—the doctor said the kitten might have died if she hadn't found him.

In front of the school, Jenny saw Steve. She forgot all about her hair and her dress, and her previous worries about what tone of voice she should use when she spoke to him. "Steve," she burst out, "a poor little tiger kitten! It broke a leg and if I hadn't found him, he might have died, but he's O.K. now."

"Hello, Jenny," Steve said. "What are you

(Continued on page 46)

## "What's cookin' at your house?"

queries

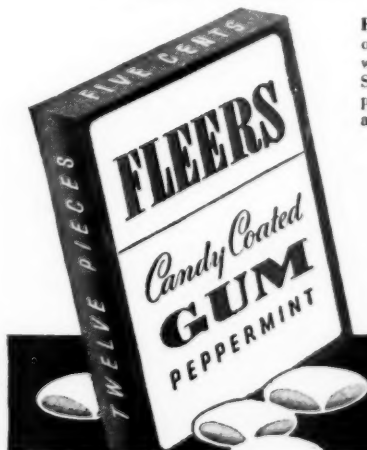
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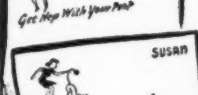
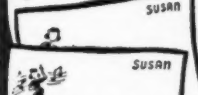
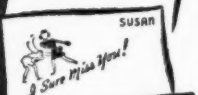
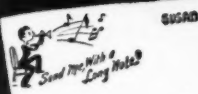
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JANE	JEAN
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# BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

**HORSES**, *Horses, Horses, Crazy Over Horses*—seems to be the theme song of most American Girl readers, whether they actually ride or merely swoon ecstatically over every horse in sight. So this month we are bringing you news of some mighty good horse stories.

**Starlight.** By REGINA J. WOODY, William Morrow and Company, \$2.00. This book by the author of the AMERICAN GIRL stories "Bermuda Holiday" and "Stagefright," is a delightful account of the training of a young stallion by a girl who is herself learning to ride. Here is an opportunity to pick up some fine points of good horsemanship, for Judy, the heroine, starting from scratch, not only joins the Junior Cavalry but even becomes expert at *Haut ecole*—which means high school in riding training. You'll find Judy a very real person. She means to be well behaved, but she just can't hold back a resounding smack when her boy guest is cruel to a dog. It isn't easy to train a high-spirited stallion and Judy is sometimes frightened, occasionally discouraged, and often bone-tired, but her stubborn spirit won't be downed. Her love for the beautiful horse brings her her greatest joy and her deepest grief, and she learns that both are part of living. She is youthfully aware of her world with all her being—the sound of horses blowing and saddles creaking; the salt taste of the early morning mist from the sea; the smell of strawberries ripe in the sun, polished leather, and well-kept stables; the feel of rain, sharp and cold; and the ache of tired muscles—and reading about it is an unusual adventure for your five senses.

**Golden Sovereign.** By DOROTHY LYONS, Harcourt Brace & Company, \$2.00. Connemara McGuire loved horses more than anything else in the world. With the beautiful palomino stallion, Golden Sovereign (son of Silver Birch, the wild white mare Connie had tamed), she hoped to make her dream of Shamrock Stables a reality. Without a moment's hesitation, she spent the money intended for a new dance frock on a starved, abused, apparently worthless mare, to prevent the animal from falling into the hands of a notoriously cruel owner. It seemed the luck of the "little people" was with Connie, until Golden Sovereign's mysterious meanness nearly wrecked her plans. Although she and her faithful Pete felt that her sentimental purchase, the broken-down mare, had good blood, that fact grew more and more difficult to prove. But patience and determination brought surprising results in the solution of both problems. This is a good horse story, and you'll like Connemara so well you'll want to read the two earlier books about her adventures with horses, "Midnight Moon," and "Silver Birch."

**Bright Spurs.** By ARMINE VON TEMPSKI, Dodd Mead & Company, \$2.50. How would you like to run a dude ranch in Hawaii? That's what Gay Storm and her sister, Cherry, did in this book when their father's death made it necessary for

them to support themselves. Don't read it if you're weary, because the amount of work these two teen-agers managed to toss off will finish you completely. The girls had plenty of incentive to make good in their business, for their large circle of conservative relatives were only too eager to run the orphans' lives on their own stuffy pattern—except for their grandmother, a redoubtable grenadier who supported them secretly, and a seafaring uncle who made no bones of his approval. They had to make good in a hurry, for beautiful Wanaao, with its aura of gracious hospitality, would be theirs for only a year. The feature of a stay at Wanaao was an overnight horseback trip up the volcano of Haleakala, with more luxury than you ever dream of in these steakless days. All is not work, however; for Gay and Cherry, and a couple of boys, who also love horses and have congenial ideas, manage to have a lot of fun in a tantalizingly desirable atmosphere of horses and dogs and outdoor living in a setting of unusual beauty. Suspense as to whether the girls will be able to manage their lives against the pressure of circumstances and the Storm clan holds to the end.

**Riding High.** By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER, *Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.50.* These are the stories of the Flying Crow Ranch which first appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, gathered together in a book to delight lovers of horses, cowboys, rodeos, and western ranch life. If you remember comely Em Deneen—brought up by men on a ranch to ride, rope a steer, break a bronc, or barbecue a calf with the best of them—handsome Kip O'Malley, bowlegged Pinto Jones, and kind old Uncle Haze, you'll be glad that you can renew your friendship in this book. If you haven't met the folks of the Flying Crow, what a treat is in store for you. From the time Em earns her horse, Pal O'Mine, until she welcomes Kip back from the war, life is sometimes sad, often hilarious, but never dull on the Flying Crow.

**Jungle Journey.** By JO BESSE McELVEEN WALDECK, *The Viking Press, \$2.50.* Tired of the humdrum? Bored with routine? How about an adventurous sojourn among the primitive Indians in the heart of the jungle in British Guiana—without the dangers and discomforts the author of this book bore with such unassuming courage? It fell to Mrs. Waldeck to plan food for an entire year for several persons, for once the Waldecks reached their camping spot they would be cut off from the outside world. The journey down the dangerous rapids of the Cuyuni River, in a frail boat manned by untrustworthy natives, with its excitements and alarms, was something most of us less hardy souls would rather read about than experience. At last a permanent jungle home was established and the slow task of winning the confidence and friendship of the shy, wild inhabitants of the neighboring village begun. Mrs. Waldeck's story of the Indians and their village is delightful, especially of Mano Sue, the wise old woman who taught the author so much Indian lore. The white woman grew to love the Indian woman like a sister, even undergoing the sisterhood ceremony so that on her reluctant return to civilization she bore the five small blue cuts on her arm which proclaimed her a member of the Aruwak tribe. With Mrs. Waldeck you will feel sad at saying good-by to Mano Sue as she calls from the distance, "Okay, me sister!"

THE END

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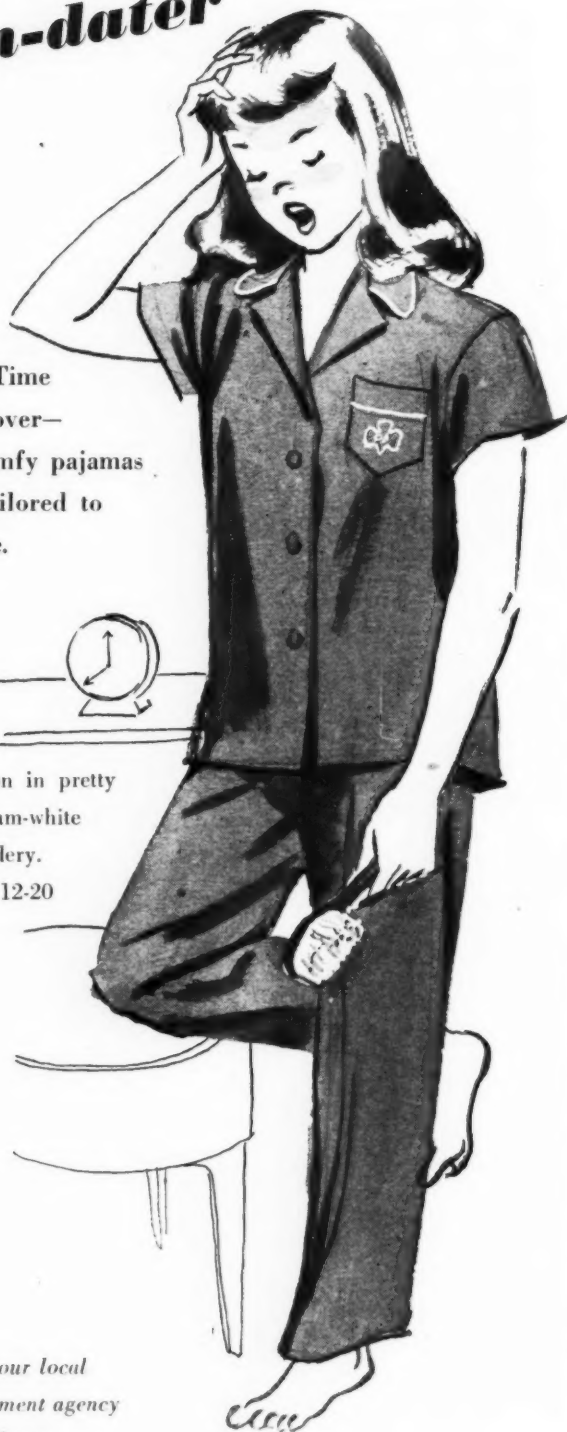
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## **A Case of Heart Trouble**

(Continued from page 43)

talking about, and why aren't you at the dance?"

"I just told you, Steve. I had to take this poor little kitten out to Doc Slater's."

"Wait a minute. You mean you took a kitten all the way out to State Street when you were all dressed up and on your way to the dance?"

"Of course," Jenny answered, "what else could I do?"

"Did you want to come to the dance very much?" Steve asked.

"Oh, yes!" Her voice showed how badly she had wanted to come.

"Look, Jenny." Steve took a long breath. "I was going to ask you if you could forget how dumb I acted about the picnic. I thought I was wrong, and now I know I was."

The sad feeling in Jenny's heart started to melt.

"I was wrong about women working, too," Steve said "I guess it doesn't change women—women who are considerate stay that way, and only those who really aren't seem to change."

Jenny wasn't sure what he was talking about, but it was certainly nice to hear.

"You see," he continued, "everyone in Cedarville thinks that I have only a father, because Dad and I live alone. But I have a mother, too." This was news to Jenny, also.

"They were divorced when I was young. I almost told you about it that day we talked about women and careers. But it's something that doesn't come easily—for some reason." Jenny could tell that it wasn't "coming easily" even now.

"My mother is a singer, and Dad got my custody because she was too busy to take care of me. I used to think she was the most beautiful person in the world, and I couldn't wait for the times I went to see her. But even then she was always so busy that I was with her maid most of the time. Since then," Steve smiled, "as you no doubt noticed, I've been a little prejudiced about women with careers. And when you changed your mind about the picnic, I figured that your paper meant more to you than anything."

Jenny thought "If you only knew!"

"So I decided that one career woman in my life was enough. That's what I decided, but it wasn't so easy—I had my mind all made up to say I was sorry tonight. When I got here and you weren't around, I realized how much I'd been counting on this to square things. I was sunk." He paused for a minute. "And now, here you are, running about fifteen blocks to help a kitten, and me worrying that your career would make you selfish and inconsiderate."

"Steve!" Jenny caught hold of his arm. "First of all, how about a lime coke tomorrow after Chemistry?" And before he could answer, she added, "And how about walking me home right now, so I can fix myself up and we can go to the dance?"

Jenny felt more like jumping in the air than walking home sedately, but after all, that wouldn't do. She was almost seventeen and she had just saved a kitten's life. She had also just changed a nice guy's mind about careers for women. So it would be a little childish for her to jump. After all, she was a promising newspaperwoman, and she did have a date for a lime coke tomorrow!

THE END



## Mood Indigo

(Continued from page 11)

childhood into a grown-up, adult world where people dress, act, and talk differently. It's a big change, but look at it from a long-range point of view, and when you're in your twenties you'll think back and realize that those worries were pretty silly.

What you really need most of all is self-assurance—something you can't turn on like a light switch, but which can be developed. Self-assurance stems from a feeling of inner security and confidence. Good manners give you extra-social confidence; even if you have to read a book on etiquette, learn how to make introductions and to master the other social graces. And if you *do* make a social error, take it in your stride instead of brooding about it all evening. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes, and you're no exception. A person who's clean, healthy, and pleasant is welcome in any social group, so take that worried look off your face and add some life to the party.

No one is always one hundred per cent happy, except perhaps a moron. Life is that way; the good and the bad times are spaced so that you get a little of each. During this "blue period" your troubles are enlarged, probably because you are mainly interested in your own popularity, and you're easily defeated if everything doesn't go just right. When you analyze your problems, compare them to the mishaps of someone who is really unfortunate and yours will seem small as flyspecks. I sometimes think of what my grandfather used to quote:

"A man always complained about walking great distances until he saw someone with no legs."

Your worries are really nothing at all, but you don't realize this until you are older, with new and greater responsibilities. So forget about yourself and what others are thinking about you. All the time you waste with sulky moods could be used on having a wonderful time . . . and that's really what your young life is for!

Excerpt from Betty Betz's forthcoming book, "YOUR MANNERS ARE SHOWING, the Handbook of Teen-Age Know-How," which will be published this month by Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.

## It's a Dog's Life

(Continued from page 35)

The next most effective tool is the command given with your hands. This signal must be precisely done and great care must be taken so that you do not have the same signal for two different exercises.

Your last three tools are a leather leash as long as you are tall, a chain training collar, and a thirty-foot rope. In training your dog, you will hold the leash in the right hand, so that your dog will not get away, and with your left hand take up some of the slack of the leash. It is with the left hand, too, that you give the jerk which guides your dog. This is a quick little jerk, in which you release the pressure immediately. The idea is not to hurt the dog, but simply to make him uncomfortable when he is doing the wrong

thing. In the same way, when he is obeying you he should be comfortable, and you should praise him.

The first exercise you will do is "heeling" on leash. Start out by walking in a large circle, telling your dog to heel. He should walk on your left side, his shoulder on a line with your left knee. If he forges ahead, to the right, the left, or behind, give him that jerk to make him get back to heel. When you halt, make him sit immediately by gathering the excess leash into your right hand, pulling up on the leash and, at the same time, pushing down on the dog's rump with your left hand as you give the command "Spot, sit!"

It is important that the command be given only once. If a command is repeated time and again, your dog will never respect it the first time. Always start moving ahead on your left foot, for your dog is very conscious of your left leg; and always begin the command by saying the dog's name and then "Heel." Your dog should learn to heel when you make right, left, and about turns, and when you go fast or slow.

The next exercise, the "stay," is a very important one, for much of the advanced work is based on this exercise. For this, have your dog sitting at heel; then, stepping out on your right foot, turn directly in front of him. Point your finger at him, look him in the eye, say "Stay," and then step back. If he moves, put him right back—but better still, catch him with a commanding tone before he moves, telling him to stay. As the exercise advances, you can try to distract him by running around him and clapping your hands. Later, you can take the lead off and

(Continued on page 49)



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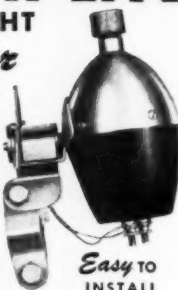


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# Jokes

### FEELING'S MUTUAL

"Those people in the apartment above won't give me a minute's peace. They were still jumping on the floor and making a terrible noise at two o'clock this morning."

"Kept you awake, eh?"

"Well, not exactly. I was still practicing my saxophone."

Sent by LAVONNE ANDRIST, Minneapolis, Minn.

### TEN FOR EFFORT

BOBBY: Mother, I wish you'd do my arithmetic.

MOTHER: No, son, it wouldn't be right.

BOBBY: Well, maybe it wouldn't, but you could try.

Sent by HELEN CHONIS, Rochester, Minnesota

### TRIAL FLIGHT

The new elevator man was having a tough time. On one trip he missed two floors, passed by one, made a few imperfect landings, and then brought the elevator down to a sudden, uneven-with-the-floor landing. When he finally drew back the door, he turned to his passengers, and with an apologetic grin said, "Sorry, folks, but this is really the first time I've soloed."

Sent by ANNE O. HOLLOWAY, Flushing, Ohio

### NATURALLY

TEACHER: Jackie, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

JACKIE (after a momentary pause): At the bottom.

Sent by ELLEN HARKINS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

### LETTER OF THE LAW

WOMAN (to bus conductor): If I pay fare for my dog can he occupy a seat?

CONDUCTOR: Certainly, ma'am, if he doesn't put his feet on it.

Sent by ANN NARON, Cleveland, Mississippi

### SUCCESS STORY

Did you hear about the two fleas who worked hard, saved their money, and then went out and bought their own dog?

Sent by MARY BET CATO, Galax, Virginia

### CLEANER

Three year old Johnny had taken his mother's powder puff and was making himself up as he had seen her do many times.

His five year old sister came in. She looked at him for a horrified moment, then indignantly snatched the puff from his hand.

"Only ladies use powder," she scolded. "Gentlemen wash themselves!"

Sent by REBA ACKELS, Ovid, Michigan

### FELLOW SUFFERER

"Doctor, I'm scared to death. This is my first operation."

"I know just how you feel. It's mine, too."

Sent by JOAN STICK, Riverside, California

### HIGHER MATH

A little boy had raised some pigs and wanted to count them, but he couldn't count beyond ten.

One day his father asked, "How many pigs do you have?"

"Ten," said the little boy, "and one I can't count."

Sent by ZELMA LUCILLE PERDUE, Stinnett, Texas

### WEIGHTY INSULT

BINKS: Mable seems mad about something. What's wrong?

SKINKS: I understand she stepped on one of those weighing scales with a loud-speaker, and the thing started calling out, "One at a time please!"

Sent by BETTY JO FUNKE, Tipton, Indiana

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by Merrylen



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MILTON REA, Rt. 1000, Auburn, Alabama

**GIVEN** Vatican "Peace Dove" stamp, Pope's Triangle, Bi-sect Triangle, Philippine's "George Washington", Siberia, Africa, China "Jap Killer", etc. - GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Beaman's, Elliston, Virginia

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The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

## It's a Dog's Life

(Continued from page 47)

go farther and farther away, until finally you are out of sight altogether. Never forget to praise your dog when he does a good job for you.

To teach your dog to "come" leave him, on leash, on a "stay"; step back, and then, saying the dog's name and the word "Come," give a jerk on the leash. When he is in front of you, have him sit immediately and then praise him. The next step is to do the same exercise on a thirty foot rope, and finally with no rope at all. The exercise is concluded by having your dog go around to heel. To have your dog always come when he is called, there is one rule you must never break. You must never call your dog to you and then punish him. If you must punish him, go to him and then administer the punishment.

AFTER completing these three main exercises in the "Novice Training" you will finally teach your dog the "down" and the "stand stay." For the "down," have him sit squarely before you. Then, holding the leash in your left hand, raise your right hand high in the air, give the command "Spot, down!" bring your raised hand down over the dog's head, and push him down by pressing on his withers. At first it may also be necessary for you to use your left hand to pull his front feet out from under him. Repeat this exercise until your dog learns to drop immediately.

To teach Spot to sit from the "down" position, make a big scooping motion with the right hand and, coming up under the dog's chin, bring him up to a sitting position as you give the command. Repeat this exercise until he has learned to obey the verbal command alone. From this sitting position, teach him to stand by pushing up under his tummy as you say "Spot, stand!" And for the "stand stay," follow the same exercises as those you used in teaching him to "sit stay."

Before you finish all these exercises you will know many of the interesting and vital rules of obedience training. One of the most important is that you and your dog go to class at least once a week. The purpose of this class is twofold. First, your dog learns to mind when there are distractions, especially strange dogs. And second, at class you will get practical instruction in teaching from an experienced handler. All the actual training, however, must be done at home, preferably during the fifteen minutes just before feeding time. Another good rule to remember is this: always be sure to take your dog for a good walk just before going to class.

Perhaps you and Spot will never win a first prize at an obedience trial. You may never enter a dog show, and you may not be able to proceed and win the more advanced titles, "Companion Dog Excellence," and "Utility Dog" for him. But having completed successfully the various basic exercises in the Novice Training course, you will find that Spot is a happy and obedient companion—a real pride to his mistress. And incidentally, if your troop needs a little help in organizing your dog training class and finding an instructor, the Program Division, Girl Scout National Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17, will be able to help you out.

THE END

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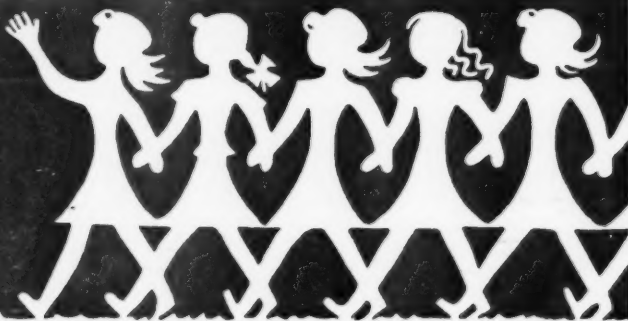
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# IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by **LLOYD WELDON**

## Good Neighbor President

Mexico has a new President, Miguel Alemán, a dark-haired, dark-eyed man with a thick black mustache. Behind him is a varied career; before him are vast problems. He wants to make Mexico produce all its own food. He wants to build new roads, to expand sanitation facilities, to encourage small industries. He wants to remain friendly toward the United States, and at the same time to do what's best for the Mexican people.

Alemán's father was an outcast. His children were forbidden to go to the local schools because he was an enemy of Porfirio Díaz, the dictator who ruled Mexico for nearly thirty years. Miguel lived at his grandmother's, and had to scramble for his living. He delivered milk and newspapers, tended cows, plowed the fields. After the father shot himself rather than surrender as a guerrilla, the son decided to enter politics. Law school came first, law school and newspaper work, and then business.

Equipped with a borrowed typewriter, he found his first legal cases among the miners. Representing these overworked, underpaid people, Alemán was tremendously successful. Finally he moved into active politics and won a senatorship, then a governorship, and now, the presidency.

The United States is very interested in what Alemán, who is concerned about bettering relations with this country, will do. And the Mexican President is hopeful. "If we try to understand each other's problems," he told a newspaperman recently, "if we exercise good faith in dealing with each other, if we really co-operate in working things out reasonably and fairly between us, why shouldn't we be able to get along well?"

## Burma and the Three R's

Some day, in a jungle clearing in Burma, there will be a monument to a "One World" friendship between an American detachment of men of the Office of Strategic Services and the brown-skinned Kachins of Burma who helped us win this war. The monument will be a school of thatch and bamboo, and it will teach reading and writing to the Kachin youngsters, and agriculture to the adults.

The school isn't built yet. The land isn't even cleared nor the money raised. But don't worry, it will be. Army Detachment 101 knows the Kachins didn't let them down when the Japs were on the warpath, and they have no intention of going back on the

gift of learning they promised the Burmese before they left.

The Americans first met the Kachins in 1942, when the Japs were running Burma. We needed spies and saboteurs. The Kachins were untested and untried. Few Americans even knew what a Kachin was. But we took a chance, and in three years of hill-and-bush warfare, the Kachins blew up bridges, ambushed enemy columns, spotted hidden machine guns, rescued American fliers, and killed five thousand Japs.

It is a record of which to be proud. General Joe Stilwell, and other American generals, couldn't praise the Kachin guerrillas too highly. The Kachins tried valiantly to learn American ways. They failed only in one—coffee-making. They insisted that it was much easier, and the results were the same, if you poured in the coffee, the sugar, the water, and the canned milk—and boiled the whole business together!

## Washington Workout

Next month Americans will go to the polls to vote for our 80th Congress. It will be an important election, for these are important times, and the 80th's two years of action may make or break our postwar world. Many members of the 79th Congress, one of the most embattled, pressured, and

pushed-about Congresses we've had for a long time, hope to get a return ticket to Washington in November.

The 79th Congress took office in January, 1945, during the grim days of the Battle of the Bulge. They hadn't been working long when President Franklin D. Roosevelt died and President Harry S. Truman took over. Then, before they recovered from this, they were confronted with another matter of momentous importance—the ending of World War II.

There have been many criticisms of the way Congress reacted to these sudden changes. Mail to Senators and Representatives reached a new high this past year, and little of it was congratulatory. But under one pressure or another, the members of the 79th Congress got quite a bit done, although in many cases only time will tell whether their legislation has been wisely framed. They passed legislation, for instance, for the control of atomic energy; they voted a loan to Britain; they extended the President's emergency war powers, the selective service, and the price control acts; and they gave their approval to America's role in the United Nations. There were many things the 79th could have done and didn't, but perhaps this last—the approval of a world organization, with the United States as a member—will give it a spot in history.

## QUICKIE QUIZ

Although world-wide fame has been won more often by men, through the ages quite a number of women have gained widespread acclaim through their achievements. Here are several who have attained prominence in our times. How many can you identify?

1. What three sisters in China (they were all educated in America) are considered the most important and influential women in the East?
2. What woman scientist played an important role in the discovery of a) radium; b) the atom bomb?
3. What American First Lady became almost as well known politically as her husband and what position does she hold today?
4. What American woman first served as a member of a President's Cabinet, and what woman was the first, and is the present, director of the United States Mint?

## ANSWERS

1. The Soong sisters. Mei-ling is Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of China's president; Eling is Madame H. H. Kung, wife of an important banker; and Ching-ling, Madame Sun Yat-sen, is the widow of the founder of modern China.
2. Madame Curie, a Polish woman who carried out her scientific experiments in France and, with her husband, discovered radium. Lise Meitner, a German woman, who worked on the formula which resulted in the smashing of the atom.
3. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is now one of the United States delegates to the United Nations Assembly.
4. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor under President Roosevelt, was the first woman Cabinet member. Nellie Tayloe Ross is the director of the United States Mint.

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